

Florida

CLOSE-TO-HOME QUAIL
FANCY FISHING

Hunting • Fishing
• Conservation •

WILDLIFE

JANUARY, 1960

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS



REGULATIONS FOR 1959-60 HUNTING SEASON

ALL DATES SHOWN ARE INCLUSIVE

OPEN SEASON FOR TAKING FLORIDA RESIDENT GAME BIRDS AND GAME ANIMALS										OPEN SEASON FOR TAKING MIGRATORY BIRDS FLORIDA				
DISTRICT	DEER BUCK ONLY	TURKEY EITHER SEX	QUAIL	SQUIRREL	RAIL AND GALLINULE (Marsh Hen)	DOVE	WOODCOCK	WATERFOWL Ducks Geese Coot	SNIPE					
Day's Bag	1	2	10	10 Gray 2 Fox	15	10	4	4	8					
Season's Bag	2	3												
1st District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day, EXCEPT Hardee, Manatee, Sarasota, Pinellas, DeSoto, and Hillsborough south of U. S. 92 CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day, EXCEPT Manatee, Sarasota, DeSoto, Hardee and Hillsborough south of U. S. 92 open Nov. 21 to 29 and Dec. 25 to Jan. 3 only. Pinellas County CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only. EXCEPT no early season in Hardee, DeSoto, Highlands, Glades, Charlotte, Lee and Hendry Counties.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					
2nd District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3. SPECIAL SEASON Gilchrist County Nov. 21 to Dec. 13 with Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed during entire season. That portion of Columbia south of St. Rd. 18 and east of U. S. 441 CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3. That portion of Columbia south of St. Rd. 18 and east of U. S. 441 CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					
3rd District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Hunting permitted every day, Okaloosa and Walton open Nov. 21 to Dec. 6 and Dec. 19 to Jan. 3. Washington, Holmes and Jackson Counties CLOSED. Escambia and Santa Rosa CLOSED except within Eglin Field and Blackwater management areas.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Hunting permitted every day, SPECIAL GOBBLER season April 2 to April 10 1/2 hour before sunrise to 12 noon.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only. That part of Franklin County East of St. Rd. 30 and a line extending from the point where St. Rd. 30 turns west to the water line and including all of Alligator Point shall be closed to the taking of doves during the Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 portion of the dove season. Afternoon shooting only.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					
4th District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day, Monroe County closed to Key Deer.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day. Collier County open only Nov. 21 to Nov. 29 and Dec. 25 to Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only. EXCEPT no early season in Okeechobee and Collier Counties.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					
5th District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only. EXCEPT no early season in Brevard, Volusia, St. Johns, Flagler and that portion of Putnam County east of St. John's River.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					

ⓂHunting for Migratory Birds permitted every day of applicable open season.

*Hunting for Migratory Birds permitted every day of applicable open season.

Complete summary of Hunting and Trapping Rules and Regulations, applying to Game, Fur Bearing Animals, and Reptiles 1959-60, can be obtained at the office of the County Judge, or from any of the regional offices, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, listed on Page 3.

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St. Petersburg, Florida

Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of Our Game and Fish

BILL HANSEN, Editor

WALLACE HUGHES, Art Director

C. L. SATTERFIELD, Circulation

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POOR ILLUSTRATION

The Editor:

I am not in the habit of writing letters to magazines, but great gee-whiz fellows, a magazine that preaches and concentrates on safety in the woods like you fellows do; to print a picture as you did in the October issue, page 23 of brother Jack Fullbright carrying a buck out of the woods in that fashion is awful. Holy smokes, are you trying to show a lot of future Robin Hoods and nimrods a sure way to cut their lives short?

Why, in any area where a good deal, or many, hunters are in action, he'd be a dead "buck" in just a few seconds, so please correct this fast and you may save a couple of lives. I had a friend shot by taking a buck out this very same way.

Paul White
Pittsburgh, Pa.

● *Mr. White is so right, and what more can we add to what has already been said here.*

THEY'RE ALL JERKS

Gentlemen:

My December issue just arrived and because of the title, I immediately read Mr. Lou Mussler's article on page 30. As I started to read this story (or letter), my first thoughts were that the author was a 'jerk,' and I started to get mad. As I read on, however, it was plain that Mr. Mussler indeed knew the subject that he had penned to the editor and my family offers congratulations on a fine, if different, presentation on the much needed observance of hunter safety programs.

I have long been associated with sportsmen groups throughout the country, and wish that all my former associates could read "They're All Jerks." I might add here that the simple, but adequate training (basic) given all military personnel in regards to the handling of firearms be

adopted by organized sportsmen and gun clubs on a nationwide basis.

Capt. J. B. Milton, USA
Fort Benning, Ga.

Mr. Editor:

The article by Lou Mussler in your December issue is an insult to the sportsmen of this country. Let's stick to articles on Florida's fine hunting and fishing from now on.

Robert K. Hanson
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on a terrific magazine. I am enclosing my renewal which starts my third year of reading FLORIDA WILDLIFE, and I would like to add that although I have lived in Florida for more than twenty years, I have learned more about Florida during the past two years of reading your magazine than all the time before. After reading about all the hunting accidents in the papers, the article "They're All Jerks," by Mr. Mussler should be selected for special recognition. I was not a reader of your magazine back in 1954, so would like to read that other article by Bob Dahne that Mr. Mussler mentioned.

B. C. Kaplan
St. Petersburg, Fla.

● *The article 'Don't Be a Dead Hunter,' has been reprinted by special request, and appears on page 30 of this issue.*

BREAM AGAIN

Dear Sir:

In the August issue, page 4, the first paragraph, the Bream Question, I note that you state the name "bream" is a family name but you will note

from the attached that there is a fish that has the bream name; "Q. Are we Southerners wrong in calling certain fish we catch bream, pronounced brim? — A. Utterly wrong. The bream is a European fish not found in North America."

I do not know too much about fishing, but I am trying to learn, and like FLORIDA WILDLIFE very much.

A. C. Townsend
Auburndale, Fla.

● *The quote you sent from another publication, in which the answer states that the bream is a European species, is true, but as mentioned in the August issue, Webster's International Dictionary also lists the word bream as meaning any of the various fresh water sunfishes. It is wrong to use the name bream for a certain fish caught, but if you have a string of mixed sunfish (bluegill, shellcracker, redbreast, etc.) it is absolutely proper to say that you have a catch of bream. That, in a sense, is using a 'family' name. If you take one fish, and claim it to be a bream, you are wrong.*

GETTING MAD

Dear Editor:

I am getting quite mad. This is the third time I am writing for a sample copy of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, which I have heard so much about, and would like to see once before subscribing. I offered to pay whatever amount it might cost, and also requested information on any other literature you might have available. Can you give me the reason why you have ignored these requests?

J. H. Hall
Miami, Fla.

● *Sure can! You failed to supply an address. The only reason we know that you must live in Miami is that all three mailings bore that postmark. We might add here, that you are not alone Mr. Hall. Quite a file of such requests have gone unanswered because the senders failed to give complete or correct mailing address.*

THE COVER — Probably the most abundant of the world's ducks, the mallard is a familiar sight throughout Florida during the winter season. The adult male or drake is a strikingly beautiful bird with head and neck of rich iridescent green. The adult female is buffy with much streaking of dark brown.

From A Painting By Wallace Hughes

THERE IS STILL TIME



... for that last minute extra

special gift to your sportsmen friends.

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The Florida Magazine For ALL Sportsmen

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MEETING LATE IN October, members of the Florida Wildlife Federation executive group discussed problems ranging from conservation scholarships to the disposal of atomic wastes.

It was announced that the DuPont Plaza hotel in Miami will be the site of 1960's federation meeting. The dates will be Sept. 16, 17 and 18.

Tentative dates for regional meetings were listed as: Southwest Florida, July; Northwest Florida, March; Southeast Florida, May; Central Florida, June. No date had

Federation Notes

By CHARLES WATERMAN

been proposed for Northeast Florida.

President Hubert Robertson appointed the following committee for water study of the South Florida area: H. O. Sweat, chairman, and Herb Alley, Earl Diemer, Charles Labene and Bob Bair.

It was announced that Tommy Anderson will again be Wildlife Week chairman for the state with Jack Wilber as his co-chairman to

handle Junior Chamber of Commerce aid and Ernie Lyons as chairman of newspaper, television and radio publicity. The theme will be "Water Resource Use," covering land fill programs, marginal fills, bulkhead problems and similar controversies.

The successful suit placed against the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission by the Florida Archery Association for the purpose of opening the Inverness area to controlled hunting was discussed. The area had been illegally closed by local law passed by the legislature according to the court's findings.

It was voted that the Federation recommend to John Wakefield, department of water resources, that regional short courses in water problems should be conducted rather than a single statewide course.

Concerning a study commission hearing to be held in Tallahassee Dec. 16, it was voted that A. Ray Richards from the Northwest Florida Sportsmen's Association should represent the Federation and that he express the desires of the Federation as opposing all drainage projects connected with the proposed program to the extent that they be approved only after study by all divisions of the Co-ordination Act of the United States and that he be instructed to support all impoundment areas involved that are beneficial to wildlife. He is instructed to support all studies and recommendations made by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

President Robertson announced a salt water committee for the state with Gary Bennett as chairman, to be assisted by J. W. Giles of Panama City, Paul Mains of Jacksonville, Vic Dunaway of Miami and Sol Fleischman of St. Petersburg as members.

Mr. Robertson reported on a visit to the proposed youth conservation camp in the J. W. Corbett area near the Pratt-Whitney plant. He pointed to the fact that camps exist at Ocala and at West Palm Beach and that

(continued on page 37)

NORTHEAST FLORIDA

Construction of a new club house will soon be started, according to J. C. Parrish, Secretary-Treasurer of the Northeast Florida Sportsmen's Club, Fernandina Beach. The club house will be built on a recently purchased seven acres of land located on the Nassau River, just off State Road No. 200, between Yulee and Callahan.

The Northeast Florida Sportsmen's Club, with a membership of close to 225, has set as an objective, a special aid-program to help landowners protect timber and livestock; to maintain good relations between landowners and sportsmen, and to further the cause for better public hunting and fishing.

In cooperation with Wildlife Officers of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, the Club recently displayed a special exhibit at the Northeast Florida Fair, with 15 wild animals the center of attraction. More than 5,000 visitors viewed the exhibit, and considerable interest was shown by the school children and their teachers concerning the animals on display, and the free wildlife literature made available by the club.

BOATING FEDERATION

Some 75 boating enthusiasts, representing 24 boat clubs from throughout Florida, met in Leesburg on November 14 and 15, to formulate plans against what are termed 'inequities and assaults' on boat owners and boating.

Prime goals established by the organization include: Legislation to promote the use of marine fuel tax and boating registration collections for boating purposes; to promote a provision which would eliminate personal property tax on boating equipment; to secure adoption of a state title law on boating equipment; and to take concerted action to reduce water pollution plus protection against installations involving construction of bridges and dams that could interfere with navigation and prevent use of public access rights.

Criticism was also voiced against the three percent sales tax on boating rigs, and personal tax on boats in some counties.

Trevor Morris, of West Palm Beach, was elected president of the Florida Boating Federation. Full information can be obtained by writing to Mr. Donald Way, 874 West 31st South, Hialeah, Florida.



WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE claiming this new year as the "60" year; automobiles, appliances, et al are using "60" as the key word. Conservation should roll along with the "catch phrase" — the "60" year too. With a united front and a united effort all of us can make "60" the best in the chronicles of conservation history.

Where do we initiate this effort? Why, on the home front or at the "grass roots level."

There are so many programs, projects, and assignments to be accomplished. To think on a nationwide scale the push must come from the "folks back home." Your neighbors and YOU can help guide the destiny of this country.

Be a Minute-Man in "60."

Be alert to your city and county commission's planning now and in the future. Your voice can be heard — the symphony of many voices can inspire your elected officials to fight for wise conservation policies. Consolidate your local efforts and take your appeals to your legislators. Tell about your interests and then communicate your desires to these men you have elected.

"60" is best for conservation. Let's do it. Happy New Year to you all.

This is the "60" parade of Youth Conservation Clubs:

1. Stuart Junior Conservation Club; Two divisions (8-12) and 13-16)
2. Ocala, Deane Mather Club
3. Ocala, Don Carroll Club
4. St. Johns Junior Wildlife Club, St. Augustine (co-ed)
5. Shady Grove Junior Conservation Club; Activity period (teacher sponsor)
6. Bay County All-Girls Junior Conservation Club; Panama City

7. Halifax Junior Hunting and Fishing Club; Ormond Beach

8. Leesburg Junior Conservation Club

9. Bartow Junior Conservation Club (boys)

10. Bartow All-Girls Junior Conservation Club

11. St. Petersburg Junior Rod and Gun Club

12. Allapatah Miami Optimist Junior Conservation Club.

13. Everglades Junior Conservation Squadron, Hialeah

14. North Miami Junior Conservation Club

15. Pahokee Junior Conservation Club

16. Palatka Junior Conservation Club; School Activity (teacher sponsor)

17. Clearwater Junior Conservation Club; Junior High School (teacher sponsor)

18. Land O'Lakes Junior Conservation Club; Activity Period (teacher sponsor)

19. Fruitland Park Junior Conservation Club; Independent

20. Panama City Boys Junior Conservation Club

21. Hollywood Junior Conservation Club

22. Pasco Trailblazers; Dade City Deactivated during 1959: Ft. Lauderdale, Homestead, Hallandale, Baker School, LaBelle.

And the "60" parade of advisors:

1. Bob Gottron, Stuart
2. James McMahon, Stuart
3. Gene Gallant, Ocala
4. Al Harrison, Ocala
5. Earl Debary, Ocala
6. Bill Hankins, Ocala
7. Mrs. James Ross, St. Augustine
8. Allen Powell, Shady Grove



9. Mrs. R. Albritton, Panama City
10. Mrs. H. A. Maloy, Panama City
11. Mrs. James Street, Panama City
12. Mrs. L. B. Lewis, Panama City
13. Mrs. G. Ginberg, Panama City
14. Mrs. J. M. McElvey, Panama City
15. Bill Crossman, Ormond Beach
16. Dick Simms, Leesburg
17. B. L. Timmons, Bartow
18. Chalmer L. Seay, Bartow
19. Mrs. W. S. Miller, Bartow
20. Mrs. Marie Puckett, St Petersburg
21. Herb Mayhew, Allapatah, Miami
22. Dade Thornton, Miami
23. Howard McBride, Hialeah
24. Jack Partusch, North Miami
25. A. N. Perry, North Miami
26. M. H. Willison, North Miami
27. Alec Gibson, North Miami
28. Bill Hoecherl, North Miami
29. W. A. Reynolds, Pahokee
30. J. Eubanks, Palatka
31. Frank Picarrotta, Clearwater
32. Ralph Tompkins, Land O'Lakes
33. Ed Richey, Fruitland Park
34. Al Jones, Hollywood
35. E. T. McGraw, Panama City

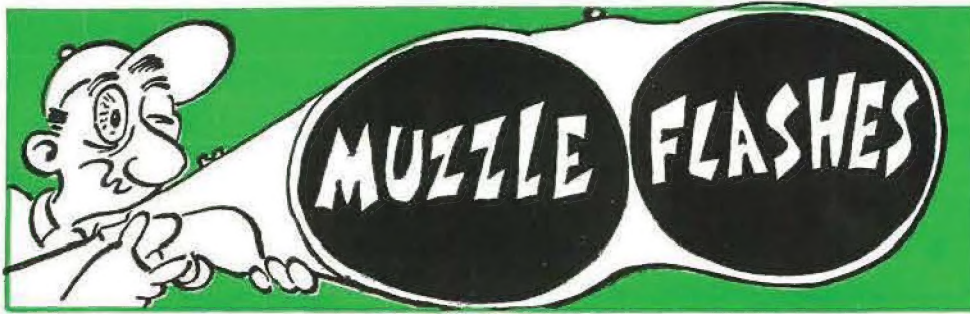
The "60" parade is 630 members in the Youth Conservation Corps.

From the Clubs

New officers for the Junior High Conservation Club at Clearwater; Byron Combee, President; Andrew Budnick, Vice President and Secretary.

The All-Girls Bay County Junior Conservation Club has been reactivated. New officers include: Janet Street, President; Mary Lee Albritton, Vice President; Marilyn Smith, Secretary and Treasurer.

The advisors are listed above. All correspondence can be forwarded to
(continued on page 41)



MANY OF THE QUESTIONS received from readers of the Firearms Section during a calendar year are highly interesting but are often unsuited to full column treatment.

However, questions pertaining to subjects of general reader interest can periodically be grouped. In such form, they make informative reading.

Question: What, in your estimation, constitutes a good field shot-gunner? J. F. P.—Winter Park.

Answer: Let's say—if a shooter can consistently make certain kill percentages, he can be considered a good shot.

In the field, he should be able to kill 50% of all quail shot at, 75% of pheasants, and average 70% on ducks jumped over decoys or 50% in respect to pass shooting. On grouse and late season doves, he can kill only 40% of his birds and still retain his classification.

Question: How many more pellets are contained in an ounce of Size No. 8 shot than in an ounce of Size 7½? I want as many shot as possible in my quail shooting loads. M. M.—St. Petersburg.

Answer: There are approximately 350 Size 7½ shot to an ounce, and 410 of Size 8 to an ounce. Your net gain would be approximately 60 pellets per ounce.

If you used shot Size No. 9 instead of Size 7½, you would gain about 235 pellets, as there are approximately 585 Size 9 pellets to an ounce compared to 350 for Size 7½.

Question: I like to hunt varmints between seasons. Many of my shots are offhand at long range and any sort of rest is an aid to more accurate

By EDMUND McLAURIN

shooting. I was told I should use an alpenstock, a sort of European walking stick. How is one made and used? C. D. D.—DeLand.

Answer: The alpenstock, or European walking stick, is nothing more than a smooth, straight staff or stick widely used by Europeans to make walking and hill climbing easier. It can also be used as a steadying influence for slow-fire, offhand, long range rifle shooting.

A well-sanded hoe or rake handle about 5½ ft. long will make a good American version of the European alpenstock.

To use it for shooting, set it upright and support it and the rifle's fore-end with the left hand.

Question: If you were selecting



The slow-fire, long range varmint shooter will find a hoe-handle version of the European alpenstock, or walking stick, a steadying influence for offhand shooting at long range.



an all-around pump or autoloading shotgun for Florida hunting, what would be its choke boring? V. B. J.—Immokalee.

Answer: Everything considered, Modified Choke is probably the most practical shotgun choke.

But why limit yourself to one choke when there are so many good selective choke devices for installation on pumps and autoloaders? With a selective choke device like the Poly-Choke, Weaver, Lyman, Pachmayr or Herter, you can make one gun do many different jobs—and all of them well.

Question: Do you know of any Florida-resident agents for hunting trips in foreign countries? W. C. M.—Ocala.

Answer: The A. W. Peterson Gun Shop, Route 1, Mt. Dora, operated by Leighton L. Baker, is a Florida agency for hunting trips all over the world, especially jungle hunts in Colombia, on the headwaters of the Orinoco.

The Colombia trip consists of 12 days, with eight days actually in the jungle. The trip is a package deal, including all transportation (air line), hotels, food, all equipment while in the jungle, boats and motors, native safari crew, etc. Baker guides the parties personally.

If hunting in South America does not hold any attraction for you, Baker has other foreign offerings. He can also arrange hunting trips to various points in the United States.

Question: What is meant by "cali-

ber"? Is it the size of bullet used, or is it the measurement of bore diameter to the bottom of the grooves of the rifling? I. K. W.—Savannah, Ga.

Answer: Caliber is hundredths of an inch measurement of the diameter of a rifle or pistol bore, measured from opposite points where a bullet just touches the highest points of the rifling's lands—not to the depths of the grooves.

A .30 caliber rifle is actually .308 in barrel groove diameter, but the bullet itself is true .30 caliber, as factory-loaded.

In Europe, caliber is expressed in millimeter measurement instead of hundredths of an inch. For example, a 7.63mm Mauser cartridge has a bullet diameter equivalent to our .30 caliber.

Some American and European cartridge loadings are interchangeable, but many are not, even though of approximately identical bullet diameter size.

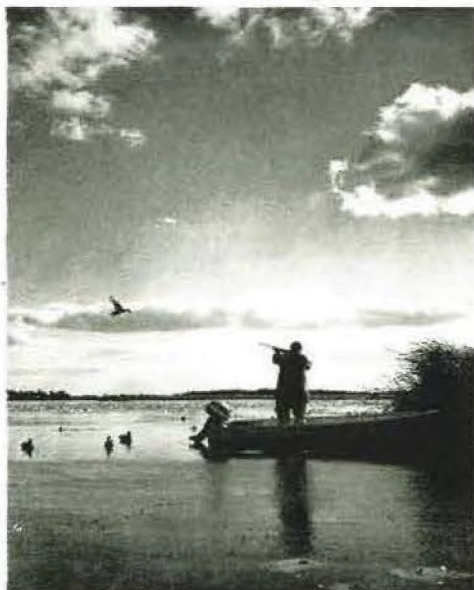
It is most important that firearms users attempt to fire only proper fitting ammunition.

Question: My war-surplus British service rifle has a barrel with a left-hand rifling twist instead of the right-hand rifling twist given most American guns. Why is this? Does it have any technical basis, or is the British habit of driving on the left side of roads and making bolts with left-hand threads simply given further expression in guns? J. C. B.—Pensacola.

Answer: The reason has logical, rather than custom, basis.

As the moon rocket scientists at Cape Canaveral can explain more in detail, rotation of the earth causes a bullet to deviate about six inches to the right in flight over 1,000 yards, when fired in a country located in the northern hemisphere. In a country below the equator, the effect is just the opposite.

This bullet drift, due to rotation of the earth while the bullet is in flight, varies according to the proximity of the firing range to the equator and the direction of bullet flight.



You can consider yourself a good shot if your kill percentages average 70% on ducks and geese jumped over decoys or 50% in respect to pass shooting.

The drift is in addition to the influenced drift of the bullet in direction to the rifling twist.

For this reason—verified by tests conducted back in 1886—British service rifles have been given a left-hand rather than right-hand rifling twist.

Question: Where can I get helpful information about organizing a gun club, promoting special shoots, etc.? B. M. H.—Wildwood.

Answer: Many helpful booklets are available from several sources.

Write the Winchester-Western Div., Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp., 460 Park Ave., New York 22, for copies of *The Smallbore Rifle Handbook* and *The Shotgun Handbook*. Also request available literature from Sportsmen's Service Bureau, 250 East 43rd St., New York 17.

The National Rifle Association, 1600 Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D. C., can furnish instructions for staging money-raising, interest-creating turkey shoots, bacon shoots and similar events.

Question: I'd like to have my .22 caliber rifle, big-game rifle and shotgun as near alike in mechanical action and feel as possible. What are

some good combinations? F. K. S.—Sarasota.

Answer: There are many possible combinations that will give you something in the way of a "matched set" of guns.

You might combine the Remington Model 527 .22 caliber slide-action with the Remington Model 760 big-game rifle and Model 870 Wingmaster shotgun—or a Winchester Model 61 .22 caliber slide-action with the Remington Model 760 (in any of several big-game calibers) and your choice of the Winchester Model 12, Ithaca 37 and Remington 870 shotguns.

In autoloaders, you can consider teaming the Remington Model 552 (.22 caliber) and the Remington 740 (in various centerfire calibers) with a Remington, Browning, Winchester or J. C. Higgins autoloading shotgun.

If your preference is for lever-action guns, you can match the Marlin 39A .22 caliber with the Marlin Model 336-ADL big-game rifle, or with a Savage Model 99 or Winchester Model 94. But you'd have to use another style of action for your shotgun; lever-action shotguns are not among current American manufactures.

Question: In one of your columns, you mentioned Forester Bros., Inc., Lanark, Illinois, as source of supply for .30-06 and .270 caliber headspace gauges. The firm advises it does not make a .22 caliber rimfire headspace-measuring gauge. Who does? E. V. R.—Homestead.

Answer: Keith Francis, Talent, Oregon, is the man to write. He makes a long list of popular and special caliber headspace gauges, including .22 caliber.

Francis will honor small orders even though he manufactures reamers, gauges and other gunsmithing tools primarily for the gunsmithing trade—including Weatherby's of California, and Rigby, of London, among many. ●



OF ALL SPORTFISHING methods, wading is probably the most generally productive. Unfortunately, wading can be done only in very shallow water. This eliminates most of the waters of the world and many species of game fish. Where wading is practicable, it attracts devotees like a honey pot attracts bees.

In the United States, salmon, trout, and steelhead streams make up most of the wading waters of our northern parts, but in the south (and particularly in Florida), our shallow rivers, lakes, estuaries, and salt-water flats make the Sunshine State a wading angler's paradise.

There is little doubt a wading fisherman has a terrific advantage over an angler in a boat. The wader throws a much lower silhouette and, so, can't be seen as readily by the fish. The wader is usually either alone or at a goodly distance from any companions. This keeps his attention riveted on his fishing rather than diverted by idle conversation. Far from least, the wading fisherman is forced to fish slowly, usually combing the water ahead in a fan-shaped casting pattern. This last is the most deadly fishing technique ever invented.

Perhaps the biggest advantage of all is the fact fish don't seem to pay any attention to a human if he gets in the water. Skin divers learned this interesting fact many years ago. A man under water, wholly or in part, does not alarm sports fish. In fact, they seem curious about this new denizen of their watery world and will come up to the diver or wader to investigate. This is the facet of fish behavior that makes it possible for divers to spear fish literally like "shooting fish in a barrel," and this is an excellent reason

By **CHUCK SCHILLING**

why underwater spear fishing is banned by law in Florida's fresh water.

Of course, in Florida's warm climate, the best of all wading gear is an old pair of pants, heavy wool sox, and high-topped canvas shoes. The army made canvas "jungle boots" that were sold as surplus after the war and were perfect for Florida wading. These boots had 10-inch tops with the tongue sewed in all the way up. No sand, shell, or mud could work into these shoes except over the tops. With heavy wool socks, this was no problem. These jungle boots are now practically impossible to find. I wish some company would start making them again for civilian sale.

Wading shoes made for northern stream fishing are not so good for Florida wear. These generally have several eyelets at the sole line of



the instep, allowing water to drain from the shoe. In my experience, all these eyelets ever did was let in sand and gravel for me to walk on. I'm agin them. I buy the cheapest high-topped canvas shoes I can find, and I buy them a couple of sizes over my regular shoe size. This allows for several pairs of thick socks.

Wading wet has many practical advantages. It's a good way to get rid of all those half-worn-out clothes clogging your clothes closet, it's less expensive than buying waders, and, in most of our warm weather, it keeps you nice and cool. Wading wet is, also, much less fatiguing than pushing waders along. At least I find it so.

The big boon in wet wading, however, is that it allows the angler to keep instantly informed about water temperatures. Shallow water lying under our Florida sun warms up quickly. Most game fish, forced by environment to live in this shallow water, prefer cooler water if they can find it. Their "water-conditioning" is the underwater springs. This spring water is usually many degrees cooler than surrounding lake water, and here fish are likely to congregate. The boat angler or dry wader is seldom aware of these temperature changes, but the wet wader uses his own body responses to record each and every subtle difference.



Hodgman Waders have a comfortable boot foot that is hard to do without. These are made of rubber impregnated cloth.



Wet wading is preferred by many Florida anglers, such as Bob Whitaker of Marco Island, coming out of the surf with 20-pound snook.

My gum rubber waders are called "Totes" and are hip length. They come, though, in waist length or chest-high sizes. I have a pair of "Totes" I've carried in my car for years in case of emergency. They have come in handy on numerous occasions. One time I remember was down in the Keys when I had a Yankee friend in tow, who was nervous as a cat and insisted on going bonefishing even though a strong northeaster was blowing cold as ice. I was stuck, but at least I had my "Totes" to keep me warm and dry. I could have sold them on that Big Pine beach that day for a big profit. Naturally we caught no bonefish.

Gum rubber seems to be strong and durable. It is a little heavy and warm for Florida use in the summer-time. These gum rubber waders all have a stocking foot. With this type of wader, the system I've found best is to wear a pair of thick, wool socks next to the skin. The foot of the wader (roughly shaped to fit) goes over the sock. Another pair of wool socks now goes over the wader foot, and then comes the canvas shoe. This sock-wader-sock-shoe sequence is necessary to make the foot comfortable. The outside sock helps keep sand and shell out of the shoe, and the inside sock protects the foot from wrinkles or folds in the wader foot. Gum rubber waders are medium priced.

For my money, vinyl waders are for the birds. They tear easily, seem to have built-in weaknesses at the seams, and the first pair of them I ever wore rubbed a big blister on the back of my foot and ruined what should have been a wonderful trout fishing trip. Be that as it may, I have expert fishing friends who swear by them.

Vinyl waders are light as a feather, inexpensive, and, if they tear easily, they also can be patched just as quickly. Both gum rubber and

vinyl waders have the advantage of being dried easily inside and out. If you get them wet, just turn them inside out like a stocking. Gary Bennett, mayor of Cocoa, Florida, who wades for those big lunker sea trout in water around his town, uses vinyl waders and swears by them. Mayor Bennett is an excellent judge of values, so perhaps that heel blister is still prejudicing my thinking.

Last type wader, and the one I prefer, is the Hodgman Wade-Well. This is a chest high garment made of rubber impregnated cloth and comes with regular boot foot built-in. The boot foot has stiff uppers about 10 inches high. This wader has an inside pocket, a drawstring at the top, is medium weight and very comfortable. The most appealing thing to me is that boot foot.

With my waders, I wear light fishing pants tucked into long, thick, wool stockings. The waders then slip on and off easy as an extra pair of pants. My feet really stay comfortable in these boot feet. I've worn these waders day after day, fishing in rough water, walking on rocks and sunken trees, and I've yet to have any blisters or foot trouble. That's for me.

Not that Hodgman Waders don't
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Mayor Gary Bennett of Cocoa, swears by vinyl waders. These have a stocking foot worn inside canvas shoes.

In my own Jensen Savannas, where I've spent many happy days wading wet, I mark these spring holes by gathering heads of a few grass clumps together and slipping a rubber band over them. My cool fishing hot spots are then marked plain as day for me but would seldom attract attention from anyone else. Fishing the cool spots of a lake or river is one of the secrets that produce big fish. These cool, spring holes are not too numerous in any body of water. These are prize hang-outs, and the biggest, most aggressive fish take them over, driving the small fry out.

Because wading is so popular, quite a few manufacturers have produced gear for dry wading. Years ago, I first waded with hip boots, and this was a very poor way indeed. It seemed to me the boots were always leaking, were heavy as lead, and I really believe they were wet inside when they came from the store. At least, once I got them, they were never dry inside again. I'd nominate hip boots for the "Last of Pea Time" Award.

Today, there are three major kinds of wading gear. These are made of gum rubber, vinyl plastic, and rubber impregnated cloth. Let's take them up one at a time.

Close-To-Home



QUAIL

By EDMUND McLAURIN

Bud's pointer, Rebel, is equally good in open fields and when working amid the pine woods sections.

IT SEEMS FOLKS TODAY don't take too much stock in the wisdom of certain truths that were considered keys to successful living a couple of generations ago. No, sir!

For example, the practical advice contained in "a stitch in time saves nine" once received almost automatic consideration in respect to slowly developing holes in socks. Today, it's usually more expedient to simply throw away the faulty socks and put a new pair into service! Also, to modernize Ben Franklin, it's easier today to put in overtime and earn a penny than to save one!

Considering the everyday demands and pace of modern living, Bud (my hunting partner) and I sort of have an alibi for not realizing that, literally, we had "missed seeing the forest because of the trees."

Each hunting season we had been driving almost 150 miles just about every week end to hunt quail in one of the Game Management areas—until we started seeing the "forest" instead of only the "trees."

Thereafter—until other hunters learned our secret and annihilated every bird inhabiting the acreage—we had supplementary and superb quail shooting within a ten minute drive outside the city limits.

Luck, not sagacity, was responsible for our discovery of several big covies amid a few acres that had somehow escaped the bulldozers of suburban home-site-land developers.

Bud and I had gone to the scene to make a few action-type pictures to support a hunting story I was writing. It was while we were getting our picture-making props arranged in the brush that we accidentally flushed the first covey.

It was a big one! At least a dozen birds exploded around us in the noisy manner of close flushed quail. Before the afternoon was history we had located (this time by intent) at least two other coveys.

The reason for their presence was obvious: The area not only afforded protective cover but had an abundance of natural food.

There were a few open, grassy spots, but most of the undeveloped acreage was a mixture of big oaks, small pines, low bushes and palmettoes. In appearance, it was radically different from the more open areas we were accustomed to hunting. Here, snap shooting would be the rule, for targets would invariably be dodging in and out among the low pines, when making a get-away flight.

Although the property was fenced and carried a full quota of "No Trespassing" signs, we were on friendly terms with the owner. Consequently, permission to hunt the section was easily obtained.

Our plan was to hunt the area only three or four times during the coming season, leaving enough birds to provide basic breeding stock.

The ability to hit
these brown
bombshells comes from
plenty of live
bird shooting!



Photo by John H. Gerard

We opened the season with ten days of deer hunting in the Ocala National Forest, so it was not until after the second week that we got to try quail shooting close to home. As we parked the car by the fenced-in area and released Rebel, Bud's rangy pointer, from his car-cage, we wondered if the birds were still there.

"Sure hope they haven't been shot," Bud said.

"I don't think they have," I answered. "When we were in the filling station down the road, I asked the operator if he'd heard of any good bird shooting close to home. He said he hadn't. . . . But we'll soon find out!"

We uncased our guns and stuffed shells into our

pockets. Bud was using a 12 ga. Browning autoloader, and I had a 16 ga. Ithaca Model 37 pump. Both guns were bored Improved Cylinder.

Our choice of shot was No. 8, probably the most popular of all quail loads. However, we could just as well have had sizes 7½ and 9 shot. In the right gun, any of the three shot sizes will do a creditable job.

It seemed we had scarcely entered the fenced-in area when Rebel came to point. The big dog had certainly settled down to business quickly!

Ahead, he was frozen into statue-like immobility, all muscles taut and eyes fixed on the quarry he was holding at bay.

We checked our guns and slowly moved in, separating slightly to obtain different shooting angles and a better safety factor for the fast-swing firing we expected would be needed amid the pines . . .

Now, a fellow can shoot quail for years and years, but somehow he never seems to overcome that excited feeling he experiences as he slowly comes up behind a dog on point. And although he *knows* one or more birds will soon break for better cover, and is physically *ready*, the almost underfoot roar of rising birds nevertheless comes as something of a surprise and shock. Only when the birds are actually in flight, and fast action called for, does the experienced gunner demonstrate complete emotional control and his inherent skill. Until then, he usually shares the same excitement that besieges a beginner on his first quail shoot. Such were my emotions as we flushed our birds . . .

Seven brown bombshells exploded from the earth and took separate, twisting flight paths through the small pines. I selected one particular target and cut loose at him. I missed!

(continued on next page)



The bobwhites flushed from along this old-fashioned rail fence, invariably headed into the bordering tree growth. For us, it was close-to-home quail hunting.

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He zigged just as I centered the shot charge. This wasn't open field bird hunting, by any means! I reverted to snipe-hunting tactics. My second shot dropped him clean.

Bud had scored, too, but on his first shot. Rebel retrieved the birds in short order.

"Nice going!" I told Bud. "You keep that up and you'll have your limit in no time."

"Guess I was lucky," he admitted. "My sight was right on him when I shouldered my gun. I only had to swing and shoot."

We had both observed how the flushed covey had divided, with members seeking cover as single birds. This was good! Birds of such a dispersed covey usually alight within walking distance and can be followed up as singles. While coveys undoubtedly provide the most excit-

ing, noisiest shooting, it is the singles that gradually add up to fill the gamebag.

Bud whistled to Rebel and sent him in a new direction. After a few minutes of criss-cross scenting, Rebel again came to rigid point.

"You take this one," Bud said. We had a gentlemen's agreement to alternate shots at singles.

"You bet!" I happily acquiesced, suddenly conscious we were at last actually bird hunting after months of talking and planning.

This time the best cover was behind me, and the bird headed right for it the second he flushed. He didn't make it. I swung on him as he came over, let the gun's muzzle blot out his blurred body and fired. He folded in mid-air, with numerous loose feathers marking his fall . . . Two!

It took Rebel longer to find the

next bird, but when he did, it gave Bud a good shot. He scored with ease.

I also killed my bird, in turn.

Our egos suffered severely when we got deeper into the pine thicket, however. Here the birds swerved and sideslipped among the trees like doves coming in to a waterhole in a high wind! To be honest about it, we missed more birds than we hit. There were moments when I was certain I detected a look of disgust on Rebel's face as he occasionally looked back to make sure we were still working with him. He wasn't used to such missing by his two-legged hunting pals.

"They're sure hard to hit in these pines!" Bud solemnly declared after he had missed three consecutive shots.

"You're telling me!" I was positive I'd knocked down that single that flew off to our right, but all I collected was bark off a tree that he managed to put between himself and me just as I fired.

Our hunting was temporarily interrupted by the approach of a



These quail hunters were smart! Between hunting seasons they took time to make friends with landowners and assure them of their responsibility. Now, they not only have permission to hunt, but best spots are pointed out.



Size No. 8 shot is probably the most popular quail load, but in the right gun, sizes 7½ and 9 will also do a creditable job.



Where a double barrel gun is the quail hunter's choice, ideal barrel borings would be Improved Cylinder for the first barrel and Quarter Choke for the second. Barrel lengths should not exceed 26 inches.

heavy-set fellow wearing a cowboy hat. He had stopped his car on the road and watched us follow up Rebel's points. Now he was approaching with measured step.

"You're hunting on private property!" he gruffly stated, without greeting or other exchange of words. I had a suspicion I didn't like him—even before he added, "Can't you read those signs? You're trespassing!"

"Yeah, we know it's private property," I said, "but we've permission to hunt it."

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" the guy countered . . . Now I *knew* I didn't like him!

"Because we have it in writing—right here in my pocket." I unbuttoned a pocket of my hunting coat, removed a folded authorization and handed it to the fellow.

"Who are you, anyway?" Bud asked.

"Special County Game Warden," he said. "I guess you fellows are O.K." he added. He didn't wish us luck, but handed back the authoriza-

tion slip, turned and left.

It so happens our county is among the few Florida counties that employ politically appointed "game wardens" to theoretically duplicate the work of the State's trained Wildlife Officers. Such activity is in direct conflict with that section of the State Constitution designating the Game Commission as the sole authority for the administration of Florida's game and fresh water fishing laws. The unneeded duplication of license inspection and game law enforcement activity is not only wasting taxpayers' money, in the opinion of many, but is a nuisance to licensed hunters and fishermen. Our character was one such appointee—and a new one.

"Nice fellow!" Bud commented, after the guy started back to his car.

"Yeah. Friend of yours?" I asked derisively.

Bud smiled wryly, but made no further comment.

As we closed in to back Rebel on one of his points, activity returned to a more pleasant basis.

Bud made the shot, the bird

swooping and twisting determinedly, but unsuccessfully. The shot charge snuffed out his life about thirty yards from the gun. Rebel brought the bird in and laid it at our feet.

We continued in much the same fashion for another hour, alternating in our shooting and in our hits and misses.

"How many birds you got?" Bud asked.

"Six. You?"

"Seven," he said. "Suppose we quit. We don't want to shoot these coveys too heavily."

"Sure," I agreed. "We've had good shooting."

But Rebel didn't want to quit; Bud had to whistle and command sharply before the dog ceased his ranging and headed for the car. At the time, I wished I could have told him we'd be coming back—not once, but several times—and that we'd keep that promise. . . .

In my opinion, one does not learn quail shooting by practicing on clay targets, nor can the hunter kill his bobwhites by following instructions in a book written by an expert. Given the right gun, ability to hit the brown bombshells comes from plenty of live bird shooting—and analysis of your misses.

The method calls for volume powder burning and deliberate thinking. Field shooting without attendant analysis is not enough. In fact, it is wiser to reduce firepower and concentrate on making single shots deadly accurate than to follow up first misses with additional loads of hot shot. As Havilah Babcock, one of the South's most enthusiastic quail hunters, says, "Quail hunting is the hardest sort of shooting if you do it wrong; one of the easiest if you do it right."

When a quail flushes he is going to head for the nearest protective cover, and if you happen to be between him and that haven and he has to knock your hat off to get there, he'll do just that. For this reason, I recommend getting behind birds whenever possible and hunting them toward their protective cover,

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FANCY FISHING

Take your choice — lunker bass — some fast
“jump fishing”— or a string of perch!

Here you can get education along
with your fishing pleasure.

By CHUCK SCHILLING

IN 1950, TEX L'ARGENT and a Crescent City builder were discussing Tex's plans for the first sportsmen's fishing resort on Crescent Lake. The builder kept shaking his head in disbelief. Finally, he could hold it no longer, “I think you are throwing your money down a rathole,” he said, “This place you are planning to build is much too fancy for fishermen.” With a tight-lipped smile that's typical of the man, Tex re-

plied, “There's nothing too fancy for fishermen.”

In the years that have passed, Tex made this radical philosophy stick. His Bass Capital Resort is tangible evidence that fishermen are not slobs, content with substandard accommodations. In fact, Tex has gone a long way beyond this point. Not only are his fishermen accommodations the last word in modern comfort and convenience, but he has

turned his lakeside resort grounds into a beautiful, parklike garden as well.

No sandspurs, weeds, or mudholes offend the guests at Bass Capital Resort. Sculptured and terraced lawns fall away from main buildings to lake in close-clipped beauty that speaks of loving care. Over 100 varieties of fancy hibiscus and hundreds of tropical trees, shrubs, and vines grace these grounds, adding a riot of color to a vista as pleasing as these appreciative eyes have enjoyed for a long time.

There's more, lots more, to this Fancy Fishing Resort. There's a swimming pool, with year-round water temperature of 75° for coolness in summer and warmth in winter. There's a “Small Fry” splash basin that's the delight of the younger set. There are orange trees loaded with fruit, free for the picking, and a completely landlocked, covered boat basin with cypress plank walks and stalls that make boat care a thing of small concern.

Last, but far from least of the fancy attractions that make this place unique, are two “Fun Pools” that are completely fascinating. More of these a little later.

When Tex L'Argent declared, “Nothing is too fancy for fishermen,” he was speaking about fishing camps and the accommodations they offer. He was thinking of the many sorry places he had been forced to use — the poorly-designed leaky boats, balky motors, and general attitude that a fishing camp was just



Tex holds 6½ pounds of bass taken from the sand bar in front of his “Fancy Fishing” resort.



Spacious grounds create a parklike atmosphere. Is this too good for fishermen?



These are the "Fun Pools," a source of never-ending interest to young and old alike.

naturally a rough place. It was these experiences that made him determine to build a fishing camp of his own molded after his heart's desire.

I have reported all this in detail, because I strongly believe this side of sports fishing is all too often glossed over by outdoor writers. Sports fishing has grown out of its swaddling clothes, and the angler of today is hardly a person satisfied with anything less than the best. He has learned that most waters offer a wide choice of fishing resorts for his selection, and he has learned to shop around. He has found the very best is oftentimes no more expensive than the very worst, and he has found there is seldom much difference in the price in any case.

Tex L'Argent's determination to provide Fancy Fishing to discriminating anglers was aided and abetted by his location on one of the most unusual fishing lakes in Florida. Crescent Lake is roughly 25 miles long and lies approximately in a north-south direction. The lake is long and narrow, and its wooded shores give protection from prevailing winds that are usually either easterly or westerly all year round. This makes for sheltered fishing water that seldom gets too rough for comfort.

Crescent Lake is probably one of

Florida's deepest bodies of water. It is banded by sand bars that extend out from shore sometimes as much as half a mile. The bars drop off into water 18 to 25 feet deep. Fishing here is principally for bass and speckled perch. Both species are present in abundance, with the natural advantages of lake conformation making bass fishing, in particular, a thing of joy.

It's a peculiar fact that, while all Florida lakes may look alike to an

untrained eye, not all produce alike so far as big fish are concerned. In many of Florida's lakes, famous for bass fishing, a 10-pound bass is a rarity, and 12 pounds is the top limit. Not so in Crescent Lake—over 100 fish of 10 pounds or over came in to the Bass Capital Resort docks last year. The largest of these weighed 15¼ pounds, and bass of 17½ pounds have been landed. This is a lot of bass, and when you consider there are three fishing resorts on the lake in addition to the Bass Capital Resort, you can begin to understand why world-famous fishing expert Jason Lucas considers Crescent Lake one of the top bass lakes in the country.

Tex and I fished for bass three different ways, with Tex doing the guiding from one of his excellent catamaran fishing boats. We connected beautifully on all three counts, with my strongly favoring one method in particular. There's no denying fishing for school bass is a very popular pastime. I'll be frank to say it leaves me cold, but if I were to warm up to this kind of fishing, it would undoubtedly be on Crescent Lake, where a new twist has been added.

In case anyone doesn't know about "school bass" or "jump fishing," here's a brief explanation. The St.

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The "Fun Pool" bass will not only feed from your hand but take the fingers as well if you're not careful.

(continued from preceding page)

Johns River basin, open to the ocean at Jacksonville, plays host to many salt-water fishes. One of these is the shad, an anadromous fish that comes into fresh water to spawn. As the millions (perhaps billions) of shad minnows grow, they develop habit patterns that attract schools of game fish who feed on them.

Sports fishermen have long known of this and marked the most likely places for the shad minnows and bass to get together. Shad in the tidal parts of the St. Johns River move from deep to shallow water as the tides rise and fall. As the schools of minnows move, they get compacted by reason of shallow water, currents, etc., and it is usually at these places bass attack them.

Bass fishermen anchor at such known spots and practice patience. When the action starts, it's fast and furious, with feeding bass thrashing the water surface to a froth on all sides. On the river, the sportsman who can consistently guess where bass will "school" must be adept at the use of a grade-A crystal ball, but in tideless Crescent Lake, shad develop habit patterns that make the schooling process regular as clockwork.

Like school bass water everywhere, action can and does start any time of day or night on Crescent Lake, but here dawn and dusk are sure-fire. At dusk, the shad move out of deep water to spend the night tight against the shore line in the protection of grass and brush in shallow water. At dawn, they move out again. Both trips take them across shallow sand bars where both hungry bass and bass fishermen await. What a

life—fish early and late with assured results and spend the rest of the day loafing around the Bass Capital Resort swimming pool, dock, and "Fun Pools." That's the life for me.

While school bass at Crescent Lake are big for this kind of fishing (2 to 3 pound average) larger bass seem to prefer breaking with the pack and going it alone. This is sand bar fishing, combing the weed pockets and shore line, casting to "places" rather than striking fish.

Tex uses two kinds of bait for this fishing, both on spinning tackle with 6 or 8 pound test line. When possible, he uses South Bend Spin-I-Diddees in Silver Flash finish, but when this fails, he turns to live bait. I have a well-known aversion to live bait, but I must admit that the method developed by the Bass Capital Resort is as sporting as I've ever seen. Tex is highly opinionated about what constitutes the best size for live shiners. He argues that the big, oversized shiner is not half so effective as one 2½ or 3 inches long. He thinks the big half-pound-and-over shiner has been sold to a gullible public as a money-making rather than a fish-catching scheme.

In Tex's shiner fishing, the small bait is hooked through the lips on a weedless hook. The hook is tied directly to the mono line—no cork, no sinker. This bait is cast and worked just like a plug. It is retrieved very slowly. As the bait passes likely spots, the minnow is allowed to do a little wiggling around on its own power on a slack line. It's a killing combination, and it attracts a lot of big bass. Minnows so hooked are, of course, weedless and can be worked through thick grass and weeds with ease.

Every time Tex tried to get me jump fishing or weed raking, I voted strongly for Haw Creek. This is the third method and, for my money, the best bass fishing Crescent Lake has to offer. It ranks with the best bass fishing I've found anywhere.

Crescent lake is part of a water system that stretches about 50 miles from the St. Johns River to Lake Disston. Just above Palatka (above is south on the St. Johns) Dunn's Creek runs for 10 miles to Crescent Lake. Haw Creek at the south end of the lake leads to Lake Disston about 20 miles away. Twelve miles or so up Haw Creek, a highway bridge marks the starting point of a stretch of beautiful drift fishing. This is Fancy Fishing with capital F's.

The flow of water is from Lake Disston to Lake Crescent and then to the St. Johns. A floating fisherman, drifting down Haw Creek from the bridge, travels at just the right speed. He seldom needs to touch the oars except for an occasional adjustment around a

Here's what all the shouting is about. Sometimes called calico bass, known as black crappie, here they go by the Florida name of speckled perch.

School bass average two to three pounds in Crescent Lake. Artificial lures worked fast just under the surface ring the bell, and if you should fail to connect—a sign explains all.



curve. The creek is a perfect width for easy casting to both banks from a middle-of-the-stream position. What banks they are!

This is swamp country, the like of which is fast disappearing in today's Florida of the overactive bulldozer and dragline. The swamp fades back from the stream, cool, dark, and mysterious, standing as alone and aloof as when the first white man set eyes on it. Tired of the hustle and bustle of modern living?—sick of life's complexities, roaring traffic, and crowded cities?—try a few days floating down Haw Creek. This is medicine for the spirit, solace for the soul.

As we drifted down this enchanted waterway, Tex and I boated a few good fish but soon gave ourselves up to the greater enjoyment of feeling an awareness of our kinship with the swamp creeping over us. As we fished along the creek's curves and loops, the black, clear water seemed to be carrying us not back to air-conditioning and television but back through the centuries to a time when man, who is a child of nature before all else, had his feet contentedly in the swamp water instead of nervously holding his head in the clouds. It's a good feeling. Tex and I recommend it highly.

Crescent Lake has a hard, white-sand bottom, and the fish that come out of this water have none of the



muddy flavor of some of our swamp waters. This is particularly important to the speckled perch fisherman, who pursues his sport with at least one eye on the frying pan. Let's not sell speckled perch (crappies to you Yankees) short. This is the kingpin of the pan fish family. These fish occasionally weigh up to 5 pounds, but one pound would be closer to the average.

The speck is the wall-eyed pike of the south, easily caught, delicious on the table. If the wall-eyed pike is no pike, then the speckled perch is, also, no perch. The first is a perch in disguise, and the second is a sunfish. So much for fish nomenclature, but by any name they'd be just as sweet.

At Crescent Lake, they're caught traditionally with small minnows on light line with cane pole and bobber. They can, also, be taken with small jigs, Super-Dupers, etc. Tex and I followed the usual pattern. We drifted with the breeze until we hit biting fish, then anchored while the action lasted, to drift again when it slowed down. A more soothing, leisurely way of angling would be hard to imagine. The rewards of this fishing are wonderful, particularly the heaped platter of golden-fried, crisp and delicious pan fish at day's end.

Tex and I fished mornings only, a pleasant habit I have acquired. I spent my afternoons at the "Fun Pools" on the resort grounds. If a better way to keep the guests occupied at a fishing resort can be devised, I hope someone will please let me in on it. These pools are manmade. They are each approximately 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 5 feet deep. A strip of lawn about 25 feet wide divides them, and the pools' edges are tastefully decorated with flowers and shrubs. They are fed a constant supply of running water by the overflow from the swimming pool.

When Tex first dug these pools, he stocked each with around 100 small bass, 100 small pan fish, and perhaps twice that many catfish minnows. These all came from the lake. He has never felt the need to add anything to this original stocking. The fish in these pools, fed by Mother Nature and an admiring public, have grown fat and sassy at an unbelievable rate. Only

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Guardians

By GEORGE X. SAND



YOU SHIVER A LITTLE. The airboat is clipping along through the flooded sawgrass at 40 mph. There is not much protection from the chill November wind. It bites through your light khakis as you stand erect and braced behind the seated driver, Florida Game Commission biologist Frank J. Ligas.

You are only a few minutes out of Andytown, at the intersection of U.S. 27 and Fla. Highway 84 in the southeastern corner of the state, some 15 miles west of Fort Lauderdale. You are racing into the very heart of the 720,000 acre Everglades Wildlife Management Area.

On either side your roaring craft is being paced by two other airboats. One is operated by Everglades area supervisor J. O. Brown of Hollywood, the other by Wildlife Officer James B. Jordan, of Miami. These three men are taking you on a deer hunt—but you've never before been on a hunt like this.

Looking almost dog-like, a completely exhausted doe sags wearily in solicitous grasp of friendly Wildlife Officers who proceeded to make use of opportunity to apply neck tag.

For one thing, it's still several weeks before opening day of the season. For another, instead of guns you are carrying bags of cattle feed in the airboats. Reason: abnormal flood waters since summer have reduced the once-magnificent Everglades deer herd to a remnant of straggling, half-drowned and hungry animals. For this reason the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission had issued an emergency order postponing opening of the deer season for nine days—until November 30. Wildlife officers and biologists have been checking water levels daily in the Everglades area, and should the harmful waters not subside in time the

OF THE EVERGLADES DEER

**Cattle feed replaced the
gun on this
strange Florida deer hunt**

season could be postponed further, possibly even closed entirely this year.

"Hunting of deer under such conditions—when the animals must stay crowded on small areas of high ground, or swim through deep waters—would not provide sport," Game Commission director A. D. Aldrich has stated.

"We had a wonderful crop of fawns this year, now practically all that couldn't escape to higher farm lands have drowned," supervisor Brown told you sadly as you helped launch the airboats from the Commission-built trailer ramp at the Andytown checking station.

Frank Ligas throttles down the 4-cylinder airplane engine at the stern, lets the prop idle as the craft comes to a halt in the thick sawgrass. He unfolds a carpenter's rule and leans overboard at the airboat's bow to measure the water depth there. To do so he has to plunge his arm deep into the brown water.

"Almost 40 inches," Ligas announces as he straightens up. "She's dropping steadily, but it's slow. Anything over 20 inches can be called 'critical' for most deer. In fact, it becomes difficult for them to move freely when it's more than 10 to 14 inches in depth."

Under flood conditions like these it's a matter of common knowledge the deer will automatically seek the higher ground afforded by the small tree-islands or hammocks that dot the surface of the sweeping Everglades sea of grass. There they become "sitting ducks" for unscrupulous men in airboats. Such greedy hunters have been known to club helpless fawns to death as the little animals leaped into the surrounding deep water in an effort to escape.

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The tagged doe is released near high ground where she can emerge later for a dinner of cattle feed.



Supervisor Brown grins good-naturedly as he empties filled boot. "It was worth it to see her take off," he said.



Wildlife Officer Jordan loads bag of cattle fodder aboard small airboat with high bow: a craft purposely designed by Jordan and J. O. Brown for use in Everglades work.

The starving deer automatically seek refuge on small areas of high ground such as the tiny hammock shown at right—where they soon consume all available browse.



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Fully aware of what a harmful device the airboat can prove in the hands of such men, conscientious sportsmen of the *Broward County Airboat Association* had petitioned the Florida Game Commission to suspend the opening day of deer season until flood waters receded. Other sportsmen had echoed the appeal.

Frank Ligas points to where Brown and Jordan are running their airboats in slow circles about a quarter mile away. "Looks like they've found the first one," he says, lifting himself back into the driver's bucket seat. "Now you'll see how helpless a deer becomes in flooded sawgrass."

It proves to be a gaunt-looking doe. As your boat joins the other two she dashes off amidst a welter of spray, trying desperately to escape. Hardly does the panting animal cover a few hundred yards, however, before it is completely exhausted. Brown and Jordan slip overboard into the hip-deep water to hold the sagging doe long enough for biologist Ligas to buckle a brightly-hued collar tag about its scrawny neck.

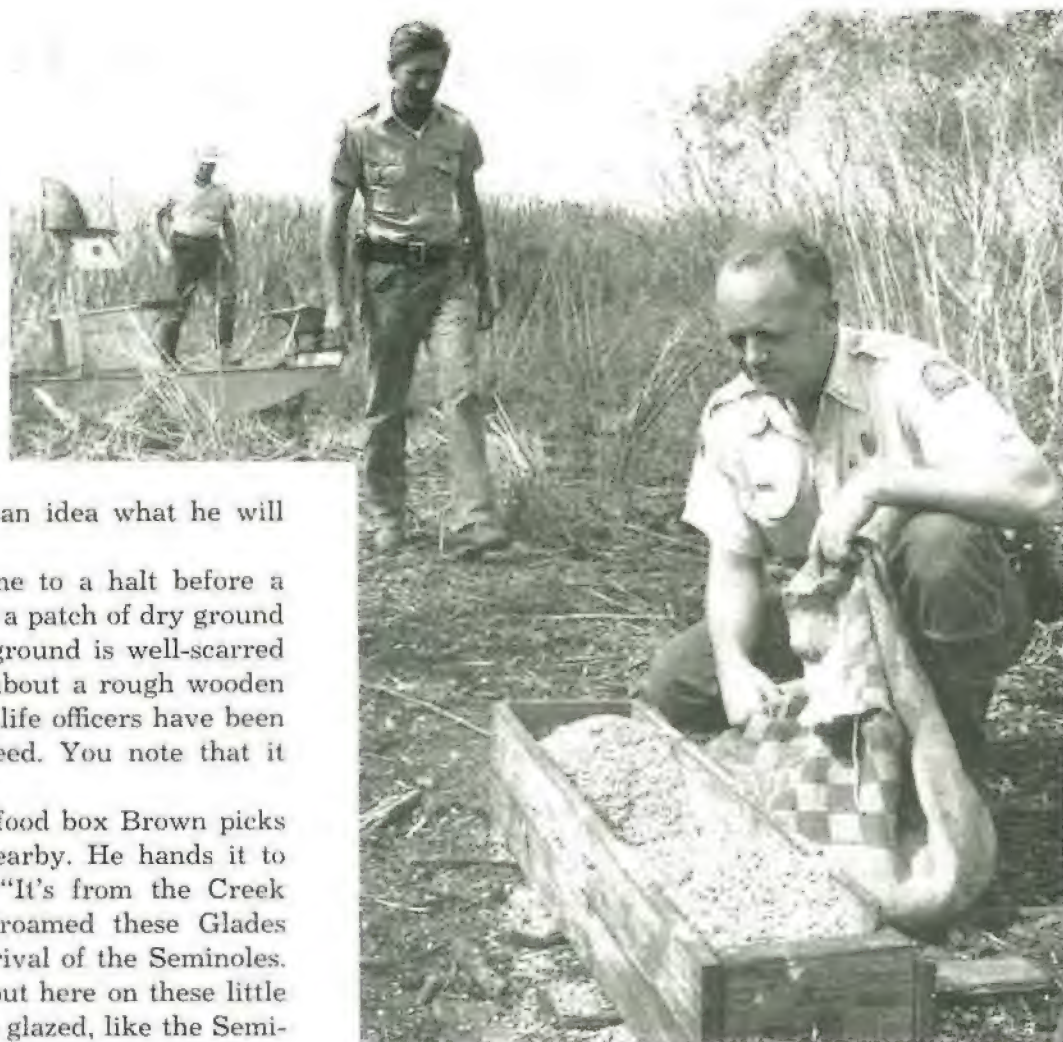
While this is being done the frightened animal gives a plaintive cry. She doesn't realize, of course, that she is among friends.

"She had a yearling fawn with her—one of the few that have escaped," says Jimmy Jordan. The wildlife officer's upper left arm is bruised and bleeding from painful contact with the struggling doe's lashing hoofs.

Underway once more, the great tropic swamp seems to stretch away to the very end of the world in all directions. Here, truly, is wild grandeur at its most. You are glad that you could come out here with these men of kindred spirit who realize sadly that much of such natural Florida beauty has already been destroyed by those hungry for a dollar—and, worse, that this evil practice is being allowed to continue.

Overhead white cranes and other exotic birds fly sedately across the rich blue backdrop of sky. There are carrion birds, too. Supervisor Brown sends his racing airboat toward a nearby hammock over which a dozen buzzards wheel and circle ominously on mo-

Wildlife Officers with food freshly put out for benefit of hungry deer. From left, Frank Ligas, James Jordan, area supervisor J. O. Brown.



tionless black wings. You have an idea what he will find there.

When the three airboats come to a halt before a tiny head you note that it affords a patch of dry ground barely 50 feet across. But that ground is well-scarred with deer tracks—particularly, about a rough wooden trough near the center. The wildlife officers have been filling this trough with sweet feed. You note that it has long since been licked clean.

As Jordan and Ligas fill the food box Brown picks up a piece of broken pottery nearby. He hands it to you and it is black with age. "It's from the Creek Indians," he tells you. "They roamed these Glades hundreds of years before the arrival of the Seminoles. We've found a lot of such stuff out here on these little islands. The Creek pottery is not glazed, like the Seminole stuff."

The wildlife man goes on to tell how he's found an ancient Spanish pistol action, an English penny dating back to the 1700s, other objects of historic interest far out here in this region that was practically impassable before the airboat. Exactly how such things got here no one will ever explain . . .

As the morning wears away you and your companions visit one such hammock feeding station after another. The Commission men tell you that in recent weeks they've transported over 2,500 pounds of this "sweet feed" (a mixture of oats, corn, molasses and minerals, such as is used to feed livestock) to the starving Everglades deer herd.

At one stop, nearly 30 miles due west from your starting point, your sharp-eyed companions point out droppings made by a wildcat that had digested a rabbit dinner. They show you raccoon and wild hog marks on the butt of a papaya tree. Here once-domestic trees like key limes, rough oranges and lemons grow, also. This was probably once the site of an Indian village.

You go on. In places the sawgrass is 10 feet tall, but you'd never guess this—so deep is the water. You pass an abandoned swamp buggy, a victim of the flood. The tops of its big doughnut tires barely protrude above the surface. Until just recently even these had been covered.

"The water is dropping encouragingly, however,"

says Supervisor Brown. "If we don't get more heavy rains we may be able to open the season next month. The same thing happened back in 1953, you know. Floods caused closing of November seasons in portions of Dade and Broward counties, but by December 5th we were able to open them again."

It is time to go. All the sweet feed has been put out. On the way back to Andytown you pass scattered hunters' camps, squatters' shacks in this big wildlife management area. Some of these have been inundated by the high water.

You see wild hogs, more deer. And you see the inevitable carrion birds, too.

It has turned off colder. You are shivering from the sharpening wind by the time you make the landing. You realize Brown and Jordan must be even more uncomfortable, since they have on wet clothing.

No one complains, however. In fact, all three of the wildlife officers grin and you find yourself smiling back. You suspect their unspoken thoughts are much the same as your own: in another hour when you sit down to your own supper you will catch yourself thinking of those other diners in the wild . . . the thin and wet gray-brown bodies that will emerge soundlessly from the thick hammock growths to ghost cautiously into the clearings where they will enjoy their evening meal, too . . . ●

Fishing for shad is
a rather recent
Florida sport although
fly fishermen have
pursued the fish for years

SHAD R U N

By CHARLES WATERMAN



Shad fishing expert Joe Cathers displays medium-size St. Johns River roe fish.



A MAN IN A PASSING boat yelled something over the gentle sputter of his trolling outboard and Joe Cathers held up three fingers.

We trolled on for 50 yards and Joe looked worried.

"Say, wait a minute!" he said. "Have we caught three or only two?"

"Only two," I said politely.

"Guess I lied then. Well, one shad isn't a very bad lie but I sure didn't tell it on purpose."

The lazy procession of boats crawled on over the glassy St. Johns. Some of their occupants sat upright, eagerly watching astern where they offered tiny spoons and jigs to unseen shad that were, for the moment, indifferent. Some of the boats looked like mobile slumber parties, their passengers lolling at all angles and only the helmsmen tending to business.

We met a skiff containing three women.

"How many, Joe?" called the lady at the motor.

You can find a shady ringside seat for shad fishing at Lemon Bluff camp near Sanford.



This outboard cruiser angler uses a small "second" motor for trolling.

Joe held up three fingers again. This time I looked at him reproachfully.

Joe looked pained.

"Well, what can I do?" he apologized. "That's the wife of the guy I lied to first. It goes to show that when you tell one you get in deeper and deeper. Now, we have to catch another shad."

It was mid-February at Lemon Bluff, one of the best known of the St. Johns shad-fishing spots. It was Saturday afternoon and from the number of boats on patrol I figured all other species of fish were getting a rest.

The boats ranged from sharp outboard cruisers with gleaming brightwork and glowing mahogany to a 9-foot something of indeterminate color with a motor that had long since lost identity but grimly did its work without a miss.

Cather looked at his watch and said the shad would start again before long. At that moment violent activity broke out in a nearby skiff. There were numerous arms, rods and at least one landing net flailing about and I thought for a moment that I was witnessing a mutiny, but calmer observation revealed that a white-haired gentleman of considerable dignity had hooked a shad. He wanted that shad and he cranked away with purpose. The shad broke water twice in its involuntary trip to the boat where a white-haired lady of considerable dignity brandished a landing net.

"That one's not ready to net," stated Cather with conviction.

The lady swatted with the landing net in a series of gestures usually associated with rug-beating. Somewhere in the maelstrom formed by net and shad the angler's line parted and the lady relaxed into amused laughter. The man didn't laugh. He looked at us with the fixed smile of a gator biting lighter knots.

"Lost my rig," he said.

"Shad put up a pretty good fight on light tackle," Cather told me. If you horse one in on heavy gear and put him in the boat before he gets his wits collected you'd think he was a sissy but once he gets going he'll keep you busy."

Shad have easily torn mouths and the best shad fishermen handle them gently. They don't tire quickly. Not all of them jump and their leaps don't resemble the violent, head-shaking explosions of black bass but on appropriate gear you have to watch what you're doing.

Shad fishing as a popular Florida sport is fairly recent although fly fishermen have pursued the fish for nearly a hundred years in various east coast rivers to the north. Norton Webster, who began catching them here in the early 1940's is usually termed the father of St. Johns shad fishing and I've seen him do a very artistic job of it. Joe Cather, who manufactures one of the most popular shad spoons, is certainly one of the top-notchers.

Casting for shad with spinning or fly tackle is undoubtedly the most entertaining method but it's hard
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You are apt to have an audience when you connect on one of the shad fishing hotspots.



Norton Webster, "daddy" of St. Johns shad fishing, often uses a fly reel on a spinning rod for shad trolling.

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to practice when there are a lot of boats working a hotspot. On a good Saturday or Sunday there will be a real nautical parade and if you stop to cast you're in everybody's way. The trollers want you to get off the spot so they can make their pass.

With due credit to those who display great skill we'll have to label the shad as a prime target for the rookie fisherman. The experts will get more fish but the beginner can get in on the act with only brief instruction and no practice. Many of the shad regulars aren't posing as Isaac Waltons and you can have your fancy tackle. They'd rather just relax and troll.

Unless you spend a lot of time investigating, trolling is the best way of locating big concentrations of shad. Once you've found them you can anchor and cast but it's a dirty trick to pull if there are a lot of trollers around. If you can find your own private spot, casting is the business. There are a few places where shad can be caught from shore.

Probably the best choice of tackle would be a light

spinning rod with about 6-pound monofilament. With this outfit you can use a keel sinker to prevent line twisting. A popular rig includes two lures, one a small jig of the No-Alibi type and the other a No. 0 Cather spoon, a tiny wobbler with a wisp of bucktail. Others troll two spoons, sometimes using a barracuda spoon. The small sizes of Super Duper and the Tris-Oreno will work.

The monofilament line allows you to choose your depth and you can regulate it with a little experimenting, using split shot when needed. Cather says about 75 feet of line is right but he varies his trolling speed considerably. Sometimes they want it fast and it takes more lead to get down where they live—but sometimes they live nearer the surface so you have to experiment a little.

Norton Webster often likes to use fly reels and I remember one of his favorite trolling outfits was a light spinning rod with a fly reel and lead-core line for weight. I don't know if he still uses that combination as I haven't seen him fishing the last couple of years. Cather likes to use a flyrod but he puts monofilament on his reel. For fly casting one of the new sinking lines is good but it isn't a very good choice for trolling unless you're going very slowly—because of its large diameter.

I see many shad fishermen using heavy salt water rods and baitcasting rods. Those are apt to be a bit stiff for best results but they'll work fine if you keep a light drag. If you strike back too hard when a shad takes the small hook is apt to tear out. Easy does it in spite of the fact you'll see some fishermen who ra'r back and keep 'em coming.

Now we won't go into the business of the various shad "runs." In the first place, fishermen disagree loudly as to just when they occur and why they choose a certain time. We CAN come pretty close to the right time of year.

Late in November there are apt to be a few shad caught on the St. Johns. By Christmas fishing is apt to be pretty good. January is generally good and February is usually picked as the best month of all. There is good fishing in March and the runs generally taper off in April. The fishing is usually done over sandy bottom with numerous bars which make for the best spawning conditions. Very early morning and late evening have not proved to be very good for shad fishing.

"At night you can sometimes hear shad plopping all over the river," Joe Cather said. "One night I got an old-timer to take me out. He said he knew right



A favorite shad rig — keel sinker, No Alibi, and Cather spoon, as made by Ramsay, Daytona Beach.

where they were and he did. I wore my arm off and never had a strike. He told me they were there. He never told me that I couldn't catch them."

There are places on the river where a diver could probably fill a bucket with lures that have snagged bottom obstructions.

When out with Cather I saw a man in a distant boat with his rod bent almost double. He was having quite a battle.

"Must have a big one," I said.

"Must have. He's sure having a time playing something."

It developed that the man was playing us. He had us foul-hooked by the motor with almost a hundred yards of line out. We got away. He couldn't have netted us anyhow.

"All that line is unnecessary and a nuisance," Cather said. "That's how they lose lures on the bottom. No telling where the bait is when you have out that much."

The best-known shad grounds are between Lake Monroe and Lake Harney near Sanford although there is sometimes good fishing downstream from Lake Monroe near DeLand.

Most of the shad fishing is close to a fishing camp. At Lemon Bluff it is only a long cast to the fishing grounds and you can sit in the shade in a lawn chair and watch them fish. Some people do just that—and then when they see fish being caught they get into their boats and go to work.



A three pound roe shad is about average. Like most of those caught in the St. Johns River, these were taken while trolling.

When you're trolling you'll sometimes find that the fish take only when you're going in a certain direction. Turn around and go back through and nothing happens. Then, when you turn again you're in business. My theory is that the fish are facing a certain way and take only in that direction—but nobody asked me.

If you want lots of shad, use a good, big landing net. They're not easy to net and they have to be handled gently. If you're used to lowering a tired bass into a net without trouble you may be surprised when a shad suddenly comes to life after you think he's through. A butterfly-chasing technique is not the idea. You'd better lead him in.

Smoked shad is good but it's the roe that fishermen usually covet and a lot of anglers turn the bucks loose. The female is usually larger than the male—but not always.

A 4-pound shad is a big one and a 5-pounder is a whopper. A 7-pounder should have its picture taken and 8-pounders are talked about but seldom seen. A 3-pounder is a good, average female.

The good fishing comes in cycles during the best of the season. There'll be a "hot" day or two and then it will cool off for a couple of days.

That day I went with Joe Cather we weren't gone but a little while. He was going to tell me something about shad and so we'd simply trolled while we talked.

"This isn't a very good day," he observed. "Another



The U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service keeps a running check on the valuable shad sport fishery.

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Deer Hunting -- With Beagles, Yet!!

GETTING UP BEFORE THE crack of dawn—a pastime to which I am generally allergic—seems to be something one must do if one wishes to go hunting. In the course of a number of years I have found myself quitting my downy couch many times long before the sun even thought of rising, and braving chilly winds to have a go at the mallards and pintails which were supposed to be flying nicely in the sub-freezing weather.

On this particular morning, however, I was more than loath to depart the snug (and warm) comforts of bed. We were pursuing a fool's errand, or so I thought at the time. The locale was northwest Florida, and we were going deer hunting in the scrub oak, pine and wire grass so prevalent in that section of the country. We were not going to take pre-arranged stands and hope for a big buck to come loping by. We were going to walk beside four lop-eared little beagles. Yes beagles—the 15-18 pounders that go yapping after rabbits.

These dogs, my two hosts assured me, would find and trail a buck deer through the rough terrain, and what was more, would sooner or later, bring the buck in sight. I scoffed at the thought, albeit privately. Maybe a red-bone, a blue tick or a trail-wise Airedale would find and track a deer, but how could a quartet of bandy legged little runts ever hope to get in holering distance of a buck deer, let alone trail it for any distance? Besides, beagles were rabbit hounds, weren't they? What business had they chasing a noble and fleet footed deer?

Well, as the saying goes, you learn something new every day. And believe you me, what I learned that

By CLEVELAND VAN DRESSER

memorable winter morning taught me a lot—and completely changed my mind about beagles. As far as I am concerned, the beagle can take his place among the top hunting dogs of all time, and if you read this story through, I think you will agree with me.

Right now is a good place to backtrack and describe the events that took place before my revealing adventure. Also it is a place to point out that deer hunting with dogs is legal in most of the South.

Last August I dropped in to see my good friend Bill Hansen, who is editor of this magazine. Hansen holds forth in Tallahassee, and during the course of our conversation, he carelessly let drop the remark that he was now raising registered (AKC) beagles and that some sold were trained to track deer. Being somewhat slow on the uptake, his observations didn't register, nor did the statement he later made that several beaglers (that's the name beagle owners use) in the vicinity were actually trailing deer with remarkable success.

About three months later, Hansen's observations struck a responsive chord and I called him up from my Palm Beach home.

"What's with this deer tracking with beagles?" I asked. "It sounds interesting."

"It's fairly new stuff," said Hansen. "Come on up



A beagle will bury his nose and work along oblivious to anything but the business at hand.

It hardly seemed possible, but
the odd mixture I watched
proved to be a fine deer trailer

here and I'll introduce you to some guys and their dogs. These beagles are really something."

So a few days later I drove to Tallahassee and met three men who gave me a complete course in the new sport of trailing deer with beagles.

First off there was Leaston Rivers, a Florida Cracker in his mid-thirties who has hunted and fished in northwestern Florida since he was old enough to tote a cane pole and a gun. I met his hunting companion, Walter Finley, whose experience with beagles as deer dogs precedes Rivers' by one year. (Finley started in 1957—and Rivers tagged along in the season of 1958-59.)

Finley's two beagles are named Loud and Skipper. Rivers' pooches are called Reno and Sooner. None of the dogs is more than three years old.

Before we started out in the field, I was given my first basic lesson about beagles. The animals are painstaking and slow trackers. They literally bury their noses in a track and go plogging along oblivious to everything except the business at hand. They "sound" only when the scent is hot. Otherwise they are silent. So when you hear a beagle giving tongue, it is a pretty sure bet he is close on his quarry and things are getting interesting, as far as the beagle is concerned (and for you, if you have any sense).

Beagles love to trail game. All of Rivers' and Finley's dogs have "raw" noses—noses that have been worn down by literally digging them into the ground while trailing. Both men explained why they had started deer training with the off-beat (for deer) hounds. Due to the fact that a beagle will trail almost anything, including wildcat, 'coons and (believe it or not, wild turkey), both Finley and Rivers decided to let them have a crack at deer.



Deer leave a stronger scent than other game animals, and one day about a year ago, Finley stuck Loud's snout into a fresh deer track. The dog took off at 90 miles an hour (for a beagle, that is), and stuck to the trail over the roughest going in northwest Florida until finally the deer, somewhat confused by all the yapping going on behind him, busted from cover and lit out for the next county.

There were a lot of facts I had to absorb during my several days deer tracking with Rivers and Finley, and later with George Livingston, about whom I shall write anon. The main purpose of a beagler is not the kill, but the thrill of the chase.

Up in the fox hunting country of Tennessee and North Carolina, devotees of the sport gather on a hill top at night and turn their dogs loose, and listen to them yodel. The dogs have a high old time chasing the fox all over the landscape. As a rule, the quarry eventually escapes, so no harm is done to anything. The main event in this sport, as far as the human listeners are concerned (you sure can't see the hound chasing the fox in the black of night), is for each owner to

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DON'T BE A

By BOB DAHNE



SOMETIME THIS FALL, a nervous hunter will see a flashing movement on the other side of a bush, and will snap down on it. As the gun roars, there will be an anguished scream and a dull thud. Followed by moaning and thrashing in the weeds.

Next day, the morning papers will carry the usual paragraphs about William Blank, who is either dead or in the hospital. The police, the hospital, the newspapers and the court, or the coroner's jury, will all agree that it was a "hunting accident."

The nervous hunter, it seems, mistook Mr. Blank for a deer, or a quail, or a bear, or a something. Mr. Nervous simply saw something moving, shot instantaneously, and blew a hole in Mr. Blank. Most unfortunate—but everyone agrees that it was just another "accident."

Accident? Nonsense. It was either murder or assault with a deadly weapon.

Why? Simply because there is never a valid excuse for any hunting "accident." Guns are not toys—they are deadly weapons. And every careless hunter is either a potential or actual murderer.

Think, if you can, of a legitimate alibi for any shooting accident. Here are a few standard alibis to start with:

He didn't know it was loaded. A twig caught in the trigger. The dog knocked the gun over. He was on the other side of the target. I just didn't see him. It ricocheted off the water. The muzzle was full of dirt and the barrel exploded. He slipped. He was climbing through a fence with a rifle in his hands. He was pulling the gun from the car—muzzle-first. He was drinking.

Do any of those alibis make sense? Of course not. There are simple hunting rules that would prevent all hunting casualties, if the rules were only followed by every person handling a gun.

But the simple rules won't be followed by every hunter this fall. At least several hundred other hunters will wind up in the morgue or the hospital. Widows will weep, and hospitalization will be paid.

It happens every year, and it will happen again this year. And it will all be so unnecessary.

What to do about it? Well, in the first place, if any tomfool points a gun at you—loaded or unloaded—there's only one sure cure. Just smack him in the teeth with the butt of your gun. It works every time. He'll stop fooling around, then. Of course, he won't be your friend anymore, but at least you'll still be alive when the hunting season ends.

It's a rough remedy, but guns are not made to fool with. Guns are made to kill with. So if someone points a gun at you, you can take it for granted that he is trying to murder you—either purposely or "accidentally."

Just remember that quite a few people are killed every year because someone "didn't know the gun was loaded." Don't let the dead one be you.

Then there's Ready Freddie. He's the joker that insists on having his gun loaded at all times. Freddie never forgot the time a deer bounded through camp when no one had a loaded gun handy. The deer got away safely, and Freddie has always regretted it. So Freddie is always ready. His gun is loaded at all times—in the car, in camp, while resting and during mealtime.

Of course, Freddie always makes sure that his gun's safety mechanism is on, or almost on. He says "that's what safeties are for."

Freddie never heard of an unsafe safety mechanism—a defective one that can be accidentally brushed off the safety position. Worse than that, Freddie is always so ready for a shot that he often slips the safety off long before he could possibly get a shot at anything. Then he forgets to put it on again.

Freddie never heard of the rules, "never slip your safety off until you are actually raising the gun to shoot" and "never carry a loaded gun except when actually hunting."

There's only one thing to do with a Ready Freddie. Put him on the blacklist of hunting companions that you can do without and like it.

Then you have Old Potbelly Plinker. Potbelly is always plinking away at something—he calls it target-shooting. He shoots at trees, and stumps, and highway signs, and old barns, and bullfrogs, and tin cans, and even rocks. In fact, Plinker is willing to shoot at anything that can't shoot back.

DEAD HUNTER

Old Plinker never thought of learning at what distance his gun-load is dangerous. He never heard that many modern rifle shells are dangerous over a mile away. He never thinks, when he cuts loose at a target, that there might be a house full of kids a half mile behind it.

Old Potbelly Plinker never absorbed the fact that low-speed bullets tend to ricochet, while high-speed bullets tend to disintegrate upon slight impact. Low-speed bullets will ricochet off water, rocks, iron posts, hard-wood trees, and many other similar objects.

Only one thing to do with Potbelly Plinker—stay five miles away from him.

Next on the do-without list is Young Tom Edison. Young Tom has the experimental streak in him. He always wants to try someone else's ammunition in his rifle. Young Edison will soon discover at least one thing: Strange ammunition may fit a gun, but it may also blow out the breech and kill you.

There are a few other disagreeable characters that you might encounter in the woods this hunting season. Characters like Corkin' Bottles.

There's always a Corkin' present. You'll find at least one in every hunting party. "Just one lil ol' nip," says Corkin'. "It'll take the chill off." Pretty soon Corkin' has one for the road, and another because it's Tuesday. In just a little while, Corkin' Bottles is shooting up the woods, plumb promiscuous like. He fumbles the shells, he fumbles the trigger, and he fumbles the targets.

For people like Corkin', chisel this rule in a prominent place: If you must handle a gun, don't drink. If you must drink, don't handle a gun.

You can add two more characters to the bad list. Mr. Poker and Ear Banger. Poker is the guy who uses his rifle or shotgun to poke in the weeds or bushes for lost quarry. Sometimes he actually does find the bird he lost. More often, he finds the muzzle of his gun jammed with twigs and dirt. Every once in a while, he finds his head blown off as the result.

Ear Banger is the one that bangs away no matter who is standing near him. Get too close to Ear Banger, and bang goes his gun, and you are deaf. In addition, Banger often aims to shoot by other people, never realizing that someone might suddenly step in front of Banger's gun at the wrong time.

The remedy for an Ear Banger? Just pick up the largest, hardest rock that you can find. Then do what comes naturally.

Not to be forgotten is Amateur Hunter. He's never been hunting before. He's never handled anything but a squirt-gun before. He borrowed a rifle from a neighbor. And he's eagerly awaiting his chance to shoot at something. Anything will do for him.

Avoid Amateur like a plague, unless he's taken the trouble to learn how to hunt, has had firearm safety instructions, and has done at least a little gun-handling and target-shooting.

An amateur is one that looks down the muzzle to see where the bullets come from. An amateur with a gun is like a child with a firecracker. Something is bound to happen.

Don't be afraid to take young hunters with you. But do insist that they know something about guns, ammunition, hunting and safety rules before the first hunting trip.

Last on the list is Harry Hardguy. Hardguy is proud of his manly physique. He likes to sleep on the hard ground, eat half-raw food, sit in the rain, and live in dirt and disorder. Furthermore, he eggs other hunters into doing the same.

You can always tell a Hardguy when he gets home. He immediately moans for a doctor.

There are a few other good rules that you should remember during the hunting season:

Don't be ashamed to take a first-aid kit with you. A snake-bite kit might come in handy. Be careful of knives, axes and guns. Wear non-slip boots or shoes. Don't get lost. Be careful of your health and comfort. Don't eat spoiled or half-cooked game. Buy a hunting license before you go hunting. Observe all game laws.

And, most important of all, don't assume that all other hunters are observing the common-sense rules of hunting safety, because they probably aren't.

In other words, treat all other hunters as if they were crazy, because they probably are.

You can't have a good time hunting if you come back dead. ●





Commission Photos by Jake Johnson

CLEARWATER CONVENTIONS—Outstanding experts in all phases of natural resource conservation gathered at Clearwater during September for an annual convention with international flavor. More than 800 persons attended the combined meetings of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, and the American Fisheries Society. Newly elected officers for the latter group were, from left, Howard Tanner, Colorado, librarian; Ken Carlander, Iowa, vice president; James Moffett, Michigan, president; Woody Seaman, Virginia, secretary-treasurer.

AROUND THE STATE DURING 1959



NEW PRESIDENT—At the Clearwater meeting of the American Fisheries Society, President Lawrence (right), New York, turns the gavel over to incoming President Moffett of Michigan.



JUNIOR CONSERVATION—Junior Conservation programs throughout Florida reached a new high during 1959, and the special summer encampment at Lake Eaton Camp, Ocala National Forest, operated at maximum capacity. Plans are now being formulated for the construction of similar camps in other sections of the state.



Commission Photo by Jim Reed

SPECIAL TRAINING—Wildlife Officers of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission received training in various specialized techniques during 1959. These officers attended the Police Academy at Leesburg where courses included psychology, first aid, finger printing, court procedures, tire casts, and the preservation and presentation of evidence. From left, top row, Robert Brantley, Orlando; Joe Forsythe, Apopka; Earl Sullivan, Loughman. Bottom row: Eddie Joe Wood, Sumterville; Joe Pierce, Clermont; Franklin Johnson, Eustis.



Commission Photo by Jim Reed

SERVICE AWARD—D. C. Land, left, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission Regional Manager for the Fifth District, completed 20 years service in 1959. Land, who was first employed as an enforcement officer, received a special service award from District Commissioner Don Southwell.



Photo by Charles Waterman

TOP PHOTO WINNER—Mrs. Charles (Debie) Waterman, DeLand, received the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission award of merit for the most outstanding Florida fishing photograph. Debie is noted for her photographic work and outdoor writing, and is rated as one of the best of Florida's fishermen and outdoorsmen.



Photo by Charles D. Olson

ENFORCEMENT ASSIST—Many local sportsmen clubs adopted special conservation programs during 1959, to help stamp out illegal hunting and fishing procedures. Tiny Weedman, left, and Merlin Pacetti, right, members of the St. Johns County Fish and Game Association, show President Dan Mickler evidence of illegal night deer hunting, found while patrolling association hunting territory in the Bakersville section.

CLOSE-TO-HOME QUAIL

(continued from page 15)

for more likely straight-away flight when flushed.

I also believe in making a slow approach when a dog is holding a bird at point, simultaneously noting the surrounding cover and anticipating probable paths of flight the bird may take to reach it.

When flushing a covey, pick out one target and concentrate on it until you see it drop, before trying for a double.

On singles in the open, I generally wait 'em out in their flight and let them level off after their first zigs and zags before touching off the shot. In pine thickets, you will find it advantageous to use the snap shooting technique.

Side-by-side doubles, over-and-under doubles, pumps and autoloaders are all used with varying success on Southern quail. More important than brand name or firepower is the choke boring of barrels, barrel length and personal gun fit.

Most flushed quail are fast flyers, and fast flying birds call for equally fast gun handling. As one oldtimer expresses it, "If you don't get 'em quick, you don't get 'em at all!" In essence, his statement is only partly true. Fast gun handling is called for, but birds flushed at close range give the illusion of flying faster than they really are. Usually there is ample time for at least two well-aimed shots. In their anxiety to connect, many shooters shoot too soon—and miss.

A quail gun must come to shoulder quickly and naturally, without marked conscious effort. On this point, the oldtimer is 100% right when he says, "The gun that fits you best is the one of which you are least aware as you shoulder and fire it."

Theoretically, the ideal quail gun is a repeating (two shots or more) 12, 16 or 20 gauge that physically reflects Improved Cylinder choke boring in a 26-inch length barrel, and more bend or drop at heel of stock than the duck hunter's long range

weapon and the clay-shooter's smoothbore.

In a double barrel—side-by-side or over-and-under—ideal barrel borings would be Improved Cylinder for the first barrel and Quarter Choke for the second barrel. Barrel length should not exceed 26 inches.

Actually, any shotgun with which you can consistently hit fast-flying targets at close range, without blasting birds to pieces, can be used on quail. Since almost all quail shot are targets somewhere between thirty-five feet and thirty-five yards of the gun, the average Skeet shooter's smoothbore, throwing a wide shot pattern, light in weight and fast-handling, usually will also give good performance on quail. On the other hand, the trap shooter's full choked, 30-inch length barrel would be too destructive on bobwhites caught within the reduced diameter, more concentrated shot pattern of the full choke.

If a choice can be made, always select a gun bored with more open than constricted choke designation. You'll not only kill more birds, but those you do kill will be more fit for table use.

The older the hunter and the slower his gun movements and field reactions, the lighter and faster-handling his quail gun should be. For him, the heavy 12 gauge that was once so deadly, but which in later years has unaccountably given a low-kill average, can advantageously be retired in favor of a lighter 20 or 28 gauge. The reduced gun weight to be carried and shouldered will invariably contribute to faster swing and better centering of

feathered targets in the shot pattern, even though the smaller size gauges do not have as many shot in their shell loadings as the bull-voiced twelve.

As a matter of fact, there is a certain total gun weight for each size and age of shooter, whether one hunts upland game or waterfowl. . .

So much for equipment and techniques. Now, a bit more about the game hunted.

Today's bobwhites, faced with the problem of survival to a greater degree than coveys of previous generations, are notably smarter and more tricky. Where bobwhites once made fairly easy, sharply silhouetted targets above knee-high grass or palmetto-studded clearings, the Southern quail hunter frequently now has to snap-shoot at flushed birds zig-zagging through pine woods, present day birds having had to move into whatever type cover gives them best protection and chance of survival amid an expanding civilization—as Bud and I learned.

Brown Bob has little chance to feed, nest and survive in the "cleaned land," expansive - scale farming or in cattle pastures. Replanting farmlands, interspersed with seedlings of bicolor lespedeza and multiflora rose, will give "Bob" a helping hand and do much to bring about restocking seriously depleted rural quail populations. This is a project that local clubs can profitably sponsor, with the cooperation of farmers to whom the small game birds are agriculturally beneficial.

Whether or not the South continues to enjoy its traditional "bird hunting" depends on whether or not "Bob White" gets the food and shelter he needs to survive and perpetuate himself. It is up to the sportsmen who love to hunt him of season, working jointly with foresighted farmers and cattlemen, to give "Bob" that chance. We cannot continue to reduce basic stock and still have wide scale quail hunting.

Memories of quail hunts tend to stay with a man. Bud and I hope there'll be many more to enliven retrospect—for us all. ●



"CATFISH"

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE



Black and White Warbler, *Mniotilta varia*.

The bold black and white plumage pattern which has given this warbler its name also makes the bird readily identified in the field. The female is somewhat less distinctly marked than the male with the sides of the body showing a brownish wash. The young show the head stripes as on the mature birds but the body markings are brownish instead of black.

The species is common in Florida during both northward and southward migrations. The bird is known as a regular winter visitor in various parts of the state but except during migration is not especially common here.

The wintering grounds extend from Florida and northern Mexico southward into Venezuela and Ecuador. During the nesting season they scatter from northern Georgia

and central Alabama northward into Newfoundland, northern Ontario and Mackenzie territory.

In Florida, timbered swamp lands seem to be the favorite haunts of the black and white warbler although drier deciduous woodlands are also commonly visited by them.

One habit that sets this bird apart from the other warblers is the manner of food hunting. The bird may often be seen working about on the trunks of trees in the manner of a creeper or nuthatch or clinging upside down to a branch while searching the undersurface for insect eggs, larvae, and other such animal foods which comprise the entire diet of the species.

Prothonotary Warbler, *Protonotaria citrea*.

Because the bright orange yellow plumage is reminiscent of the distinctive hood once worn by the chief clerk or prothonotary of cer-

tain courts this warbler was given its name. As are others of its kind, the Prothonotary warbler is a small bird measuring on the average about 5½ inches in total length. The plumage of both sexes is similar except that that of the female is somewhat duller and paler than the male's.

The bird is a common resident during the summer throughout the northern half of Florida. It is known as a regular nester at least as far southward as southern Polk and Osceola counties. Outside of the state it occurs as a breeder northward into southerly Ontario and eastward into Nebraska and Texas.

Although suitable sites elsewhere may be used, it is in heavily timbered swamps and along stream courses where nesting prothonotary warblers are most likely to be encountered. The bird is unique in
(continued on next page)

(continued from preceding page)

nesting habits among its kind being the only eastern warbler habitually nesting in tree cavities. Natural tree cavities, abandoned woodpecker holes and the like are used as are suitably situated nest boxes. The cavity itself is lined with soft material such as fine grasses, moss, hair and the like. The 4 to 7 creamy white eggs are heavily spotted with brown and purplish markings.

Insects comprise the basic food of the Prothonotary warbler.

Bachman's Warbler, *Vermivora bachmanii*.

The bright yellow of the head, eye ring, and underparts contrasts with the black chest patch to mark well the male of this species. The small size of the bird—it averages about 4½ inches in total length—coupled with the male's distinctive plumage serve to identify Bachman's warbler.

Although at intervals it may appear to be quite common in a restricted area, its appearance is more

or less sporadic. It may appear in a given locality two or three years in succession then not be seen again there for years. At any rate, Bachman's is listed as the rarest of the warblers of North America.

In Florida, if the early records are accurate, the species was once quite common during spring and fall migrations. During the present century there are very few records of Bachman's occurrence in Florida. For 42 years after 1909 it was not recorded from the state. Sprunt lists a male seen in the Chipola River swamp by Stoddard and Neel in the spring of 1951.

From central Alabama, eastern Arkansas and South Carolina northward into eastern Missouri, southern Indiana, and the eastern portion of North Carolina marks the extent of the breeding range of the bird. Cuba and the Isle of Pines appears to be the center of the winter range.

Orange-crowned Warbler, *Vermivora celata*.

The adult's orangish crown patch

from which the common name is derived is seldom apparent in the field hence is of little value in identification. A dull olive-green color, somewhat lighter and a bit more yellowish below, is characteristic of the adults. The indistinct dusky streaking of the underparts is sometimes noticeable under especially favorable conditions. There are no distinctive wing barrings such as those which sometimes serve as identifying features in other birds of nondescript plumage. The total length of the adult averages about five inches and this size coupled with its lack of any outstanding field mark may serve to identify it.

The orange-crowned warbler is a bird of the thickets, frequently encountered in the heavy underbrush of cutover timber lands or wooded country with a heavy understory of shrubby brush.

It is a species that ranges far into the Arctic regions, nesting in the tundra country in the thickets of dwarf shrubs that occur there along stream courses. In the west its breeding range is a vast one, extending southward through Canada and the U. S. into the northern portion of Baja California. The wintering range reaches across the United States from South Carolina to southern California and southward into Guatemala.

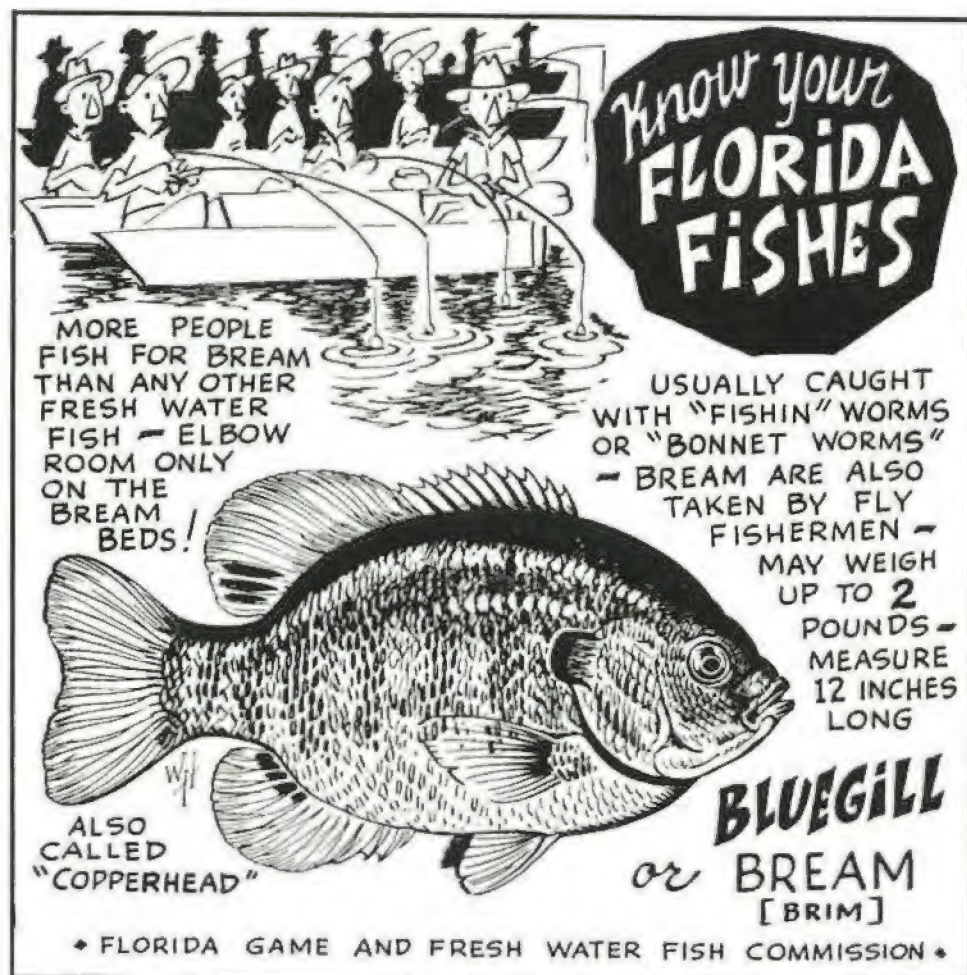
In Florida the orange-crowned warbler is found in moderate numbers throughout the state during the winter months. It arrives in numbers during September or October and stays at least until February. Stragglers have been noted even into late April.

As is the case with the other warblers, insects are the mainstay of the diet.

Parula Warbler

Compsothlypis americana.

The adult male of this species with its distinctive plumage pattern of blue, green, yellow, black, white, and reddish brown presents an unmistakable appearance. The female and juvenile birds are sim-



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USUALLY CAUGHT
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OR "BONNET WORMS"
- BREAM ARE ALSO
TAKEN BY FLY
FISHERMEN -
MAY WEIGH
UP TO 2
POUNDS -
MEASURE
12 INCHES
LONG

ALSO
CALLED
"COPPERHEAD"

BLUEGILL
or **BREAM**
[BRIM]

♦ FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION ♦

ilar in general appearance but have much less of a band across the yellow breast and are more greenish in the coloration of the upperparts.

In Florida it is a common migrant during the spring and fall seasons. In addition it is a common summer resident at least as far south as Lake Kissimmee. Some of the birds winter in the southern half of the state although the Bahamas and the region from southern Mexico into Nicaragua support most of the winter population.

Timbered swamps, ponds, and lake margins as well as hammocks and woodland edges are common haunts of this bird. Here they find the abundant insects which comprise the mainstay of their diet. Usually they are seen feeding in the higher branches of the trees although they may sometimes feed lower down if the food supply so dictates.

A basketlike structure woven of living Spanish moss is the usual nest of the Parula warbler. The 4 or 5 white eggs that comprise the usual clutch are spotted with small brown markings.

Yellow Warbler, *Dendroica petechia*.

In a group of birds such as the warblers where field identification is commonly fraught with difficulties, the yellow warbler is a blessing. It is the only one of our bird species that appears all yellow as seen in the field. The plumage of the female is similar to that of the male except that her feathering is somewhat duller in hue and the underparts are faintly streaked or completely unmarked.

The sweet highpitched musical voice carries a canary-like quality. This plus the overall yellowish appearance of the plumage has given rise to the common name "wild

canary" by which the species is known in various localities.

The summer range of the species is a far flung one, extending from the northern limit of tree growth and from one side of the continent across to the other. It runs southward through the United States and Mexico into northern Columbia. On the east coast it ranges southward as a nester into Georgia and Alabama. The wintering grounds run from southern Mexico down into Peru and Brazil.

In Florida the yellow warbler is a migrant, quite common during the southward movement in the fall and much less common during the northward flight during the spring. Actually the southbound movement begins during midsummer with migrants reported from the vicinity of St. Marks area as early as mid-July.

Willow thickets along streams, ponds, and lakes are a common type of habitat although they may also be encountered in numbers about brushy pastures and woodlands far from water. Insects, as with the other warblers, comprise the bulk of the diet. ●



CLUB NEWS

(continued from page 6)

northwest Florida is a logical site.

Cleve Baggett brought up the problem of the disposal of radioactive waste in the Gulf and ocean off the Florida coasts. Dr. H. R. Wilber, executive secretary, explained that the Federation office had written letters regarding the matter and that Florida's problem is the same as that of Texas. No satisfactory solution to the problem has yet been advanced, he said.

Scholarships

In one year, the first graduate under the conservation scholarship program is scheduled to finish his studies at the University of Florida.

He is Arnold Wetzel, whose

scholarship was provided by the Sportsman's League of Palm Beach County. Mr. Wetzel, who is studying public relations in the journalism school, will be qualified for work in information and education in the conservation field.

The conservation scholarship plan

was promoted by the Florida Wildlife Federation to encourage the training of worthy students toward conservation careers.

A prospective scholarship recipient is Elmer Williams, who is preparing to enter his junior year.

AWARDS PROGRAM

Florida sportsmen's groups have been urged to be prompt in their notifications concerning candidates for regional awards.

Dr. H. R. Wilber, chairman of the annual awards program, has requested more careful study of the awards rules by club officers. Many nominations do not conform with the rules. Although the committee makes every effort to cover the entire state in discussing candidates, local club leaders are apt to be better informed than the state chairmen regarding individual nominees.

The Federation office in DeLand has made every effort to supply local clubs with awards literature.

The program can be expedited if local officials will make their club selections as early as possible each year and make application for their club awards as soon as possible.

SHAD RUN

(continued from page 27)

fellow and I caught them striking just right once and we thought we'd see how many we could catch with flyrods. We got more than 60 before we quit and I didn't go shad fishing for three days after that. Of course we put them back but that's too

many shad. It's almost time to go in."

Just then I felt a firm tug and I set the hook gently. I reeled in for a piece and then things got going. The reel buzzed.

"That's a pretty good one, I believe," Cather said.

The fish made a couple of runs and then circled the boat. Pretty good scrap.

"Take it easy," Cather said. "We want to get that one."

I couldn't see what was special about this particular shad but I did the best I could and a few minutes later Cather netted a pretty good female. Then he turned it loose as he had released the others.

"Well, let's go," he said. "Now we've caught three and I'm not a liar after all." ●

HUNTING WITH BEAGLES

(continued from page 29)

recognize the sound of his dog's voice. The sportsmen get pretty good at it, and the night will be punctuated with such remarks as "there goes old Belle; I'd know that bugle anywhere," or "There's Jack chimin' in. He's sure hot on the trail this time."

About dawn the sportsmen call it a night, but not before the famous tale of Old Blue falling into the well is told to an appreciative audience. The story of Old Blue's misadventure is legend among the fox hunting gentry of the Carolina hills. I've heard it a dozen times, and still get a kick out of it.

So it is, in a sense, with the beaglers of northwest Florida. Shooting the deer is not important—it is the fine points of the chase that count, and each owner takes great pride in the skill and accomplishments of his dog and knows each one by its "bugle."

The dogs are trained to recognize the smell of a full grown buck as contrasted from that of a doe or a yearling. Man enters the picture when it comes to finding deer trails. The track of a buck is wider at the heel and pointed, whereas the doe track has a narrow heel and is more like a strip than wedge-shaped. The tracks of all deer are mostly found on old lumber roads that abound in northwest Florida. Trails of yearling deer, of course, are much smaller than those of the adults.

Once the track of a buck is found, the dog's nose is given a good whiff

of it, and it's off to the races. Both Rivers and Finley claim a good beagle will follow a deer track that is 24 hours old, whereas a red-bone, black and tan, or blue tick will pass it up as too stale. The reason for this, the hunters state, is that a beagle trails with his schnozzle literally sticking in the track; the larger hounds go leaping about looking for scent higher up, missing what is before their noses, so to speak.

Another factor that makes beagling for deer a fascinating sport is that the average man can keep up with his dogs. A big red-bone, if he is hot on the scent, is liable to chase a deer across the state line and the sportsman never gets a look at him. On the other hand, a beagle is slow—the deer does not become unduly alarmed, and the man in the picture has a better than even chance of getting a good look at what his dog is pursuing.

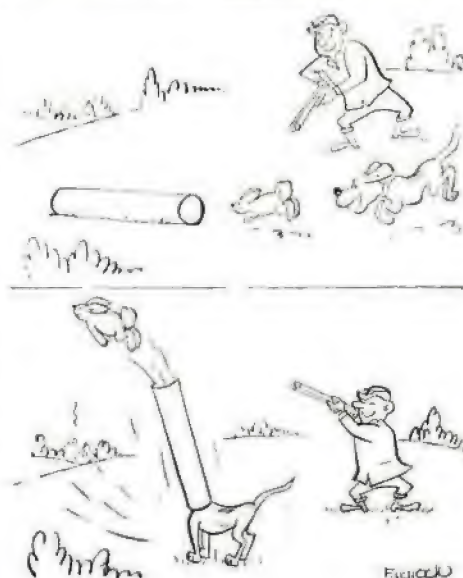
In all this deer chasing business, the buck is no guileless victim of

circumstances. He has plenty on the ball, and is not averse to showing his cunning in any way that the situation allows. In some ways, the buck is not the perfect gentleman that some legends would have us believe. He is not a staunch defender of his does and offspring. As a matter of fact, he often uses his herd to protect his own hide.

Experienced deer hunters tell me that a buck, if hard pressed, will deliberately run through a pack of does and yearlings in order to mess up his trail. The buck figures (apparently) that several fresh doe and yearling tracks are more appealing than the trail he has left.

This subterfuge often works with the larger hounds, but not with beagles, according to Rivers and Finley. Once a beagle gets set on the track of a buck, he will follow it, and it only, until he drops. In the pre-beagle days, it was no novelty for a buck to give a hound the slip while the misguided dog labored through a labyrinth of confusing trails. It is not too difficult to visualize a male deer giving the "buck laugh" at a dog that got himself all fouled up in a scramble of deer tracks.

During my stay in northwest Florida I met George Pascal Livingston, the grand-daddy of all deer hunters in that part of the country. Livingston is a remarkable man. Stricken with polio at the age of two, he has maintained an active and almost hectic life ever since. He is now 68 years old, drives a jeep, gets about on crutches, has a pack of six dogs and makes life miserable for the deer that live around Quincy, 21 miles west of Tallahassee.



Livingston started in the beagle business for fun back in 1952. At that time he purchased two of the diminutive hunters for the sole purpose of running rabbits. In 1955 he put his dogs on the trail of a deer, for no reason he can think of yet. He had promising success with the beagles as deer trailers, but he noted one glaring failure. Northwest Florida, as has been stated before, is fairly rough country. The average beagle, weighing but 15 to 18 pounds, isn't up to the rugged job of trailing a large game animal over miles of territory. Why not, reasoned Livingston, cross the beagle with a more hefty strain of hunting dog?

Livingston tried basset hounds, and the cross worked. After several generations of cross breeding, Livingston came up with a dog that is one-quarter basset and three-quarters beagle. The basset strain gives the dog the stamina to push through the heavy wire grass and scrub oak.

Oddly enough, the resultant cross breed does not have the crooked front legs of the purebred basset, nor does the animal have to be lifted over a city curbstone. (Most dog fanciers know a basset hound has about a 3-inch road clearance.)

Perhaps most important of all, the basset strain gave a strong heavy voice to a dog which at best has somewhat of a yelp. Altogether, Livingston developed an ideal dog for deer trailing, if such an improbable combination of basset hound and beagle can be called a deer hound. Even so, Livingston calls Rattler, an 8-year-old registered beagle, the best deer dog he has in his six-dog pack.

The fame of Livingston's dogs has spread a considerable distance. He has sold puppies to enthusiasts in Texas, Ohio, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, and of course, Florida.

There is still some difference of opinion among hound owners in

northwest Florida. Some hold that the pure beagle is better suited for the arduous job of deer trailing. Others aver that the basset hound strain is needed for stamina and better voice.

It goes without saying that a 13-inch beagle simply couldn't make the grade when it comes to the rugged sport of deer tracking. It's tough enough for the 15-inchers. However, possibly with the advent of a 17-inch dog, the purebred beagle will give his crossbred cousin something to think about. At all events, the sport is so new, that anything could develop.

It's a pity there aren't antelope and elk in Florida today. If there were, I'll wager Rivers, Finley and Livingston would be on hand with their small dogs. Also it would be a good bet that the pooches would wear the antelope, elk, etc., down to size. ●

FISHING

(continued from page 11)

have drawbacks—they are expensive and, while they are very tough and strong, it's relatively hard to patch them if you do get a tear. They are, also, difficult to dry out if you get them wet inside. Unlike the stocking foot types, they can't be turned inside out. The few times I've had this problem, I've stuffed the waders full of wadded up newspapers to absorb most of the dampness and then hung them out to dry upside down. None of these waders should be dried in forced heat.

With all chest high waders, it's a good idea to wear a belt outside at the waistline. I wear one even though my waders have a drawstring at the top. If you go in over your head wearing waders, you are in serious trouble if they fill up with water. A belt around the waist will help keep out most of the water, at least until you can struggle to the shallows. Swimming with waders full of water of water is impossible,

and it's almost so under any circumstances.

One last word about waders: In Florida, keeping your footing is seldom a problem; if you take your waders to northern trout or salmon streams, however, you'll find staying on your feet occupies about half your time. These streams are fast, and many times you will find your-



"I get more sleeping hunters this way!"

self committed to a wading direction just because you can't turn back against the current. Stream bottoms are often filled with rocks and sunken logs, all slick with moss.

Nonskid boots have been the dream of wading fishermen since the first one fell off a rock. Hobnails, spikes, traction treads, and many other devices to hold on these slippery footings are on the market. Nothing works as well as felt. With felt soles, you can stand on the slipperiest of rocks with confidence. You can buy felt-soled boots and shoes or you can buy kits to glue your own felt soles to boots or waders you already have. These glued soles work very well.

In Florida, a good pair of waders can be the key to practically all our fresh-water fishing and much of our surf, inside salt-water, and Keys fishing. You want to travel light?—Don't want to go for a boat, motor, and trailer?—Want to enjoy angling without rubbing shoulders with a lot of others?—Like to catch a lot of fish?—Then perhaps wading is your dish of tea. ●

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS



To the outdoorsman, a good flashlight is an essential item. On many occasions a flashlight has rendered its owner valuable service far surpassing its dollar and cents value.

Generally, flashlights used by sportsmen take a beating; they have to be sturdily constructed to withstand the rough treatment that is often their lot. Fortunately, most of the better quality modern flashlights are made of tough materials; that fact, and the use of modern leak-proof batteries, tends to give them long, useful lives.

But the best of flashlights can be a problem to the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinct woods' trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T heretofore has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

Far better, however, is the new Britt Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of hat or cap and allows free use of both hands as one walks along a trail, rigs tackle,

changes a flat tire or otherwise finds use for a flashlight. It admirably meets the requirements of a short-range light source, but should not be considered in the category of a one-quarter mile beam spotlight.

Made of high impact Styrene plastic, the Vis-O-Lite is virtually indestructible, taking abuse that would ruin an ordinary flashlight.

Its lightweight case is of such shape that it can also be clipped on one's belt, carried in the hand or set up on ground or boat-seat. When not in use, the Vis-O-Lite can be stored in glove compartment of the car, in a coat pocket or slipped under the front seat of the car. It will not roll about.

A silverized elliptical-shaped reflector throws a wide, even beam of light directly in line with one's forward vision. This reflector—as well as the plastic lens—is constructed to give long service.

Power is supplied by two "C" type flashlight batteries. (Be sure to face both batteries in the same direction when installing in a Vis-O-Lite unit.)

Operating switch is on top of the plastic housing, and is of thumb-control type.

The Vis-O-Lite is available in choice of yellow, khaki, maroon and green. Price \$1.39, less batteries, in sporting goods stores or direct from Brittain Sales Corp., 777 Copley Road, Akron 20, Ohio.

FWFT&T believes the Vis-O-Lite will prove to be one of the handiest, toughest, most useful flashlights you've ever owned.



A fine gun deserves a quality case to protect it from the ever-present threats of possible falls, sliding finish-marring scrapes, hard jolts and atmospheric moisture.

If you like a semi-soft leather gun case,

FWFT&T believes you will find it hard to obtain anything better than either the No. 133 "Aristocrat" or the No. 233 "Aristoscope" model, made under the Jumbo-brand label of The Schoellkopf Company, 806 Jackson Street, Dallas, Texas, a firm now in its 90th year of manufacturing quality products for sportsmen.

Both named Jumbo-brand gun case models feature finest quality, glove-soft light brown (almost beige) leather, smartly contrasted by light mahogany color leather trimming as reinforcement at all critical wear areas. (Gun muzzle, gun butt and sight areas are particularly well protected.)

Full length zipper opening and closing is provided, to make a gun readily accessible. Both a permanently attached carrying handle and a detachable over-the-shoulder style adjustable carrying strap are provided. A strongly sewn, rugged leather loop permits suspending gun and case from muzzle end.

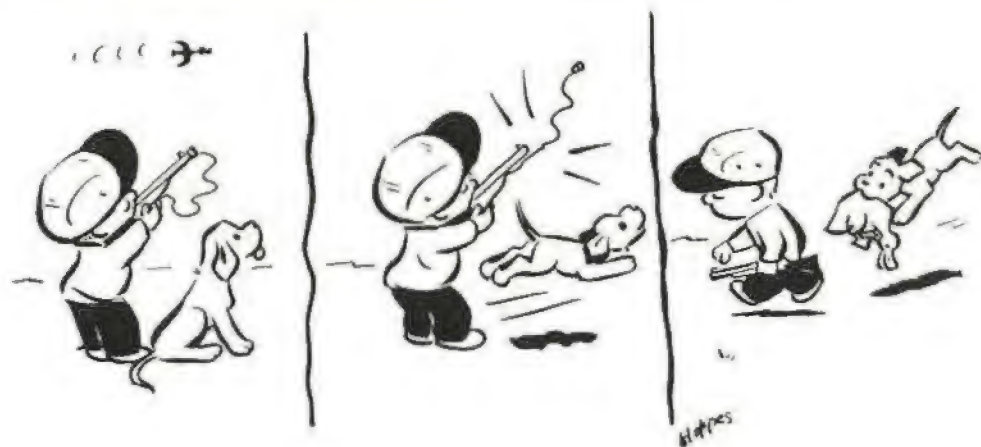
Lining is of thick duPont Polar Pile fabric, first oil-treated, then impregnated with VPI (Vapor Phase Inhibitor). This last chemical preserves the gun by retarding rust that might develop due to gun-handling and atmospheric conditions.

The No. 133 "Aristocrat" model is made for rifles and shotguns of metallic sight classification; the No. 233 "Aristoscope" model houses scope-equipped firearms. Both are of form fit styling.

Packed with the Jumbo gun cases is a tag entitling the purchaser to special, low cost, all risk gun insurance, costing only \$1.00 per \$100 valuation, subject to a minimum premium of \$2.00 per policy. Insurance is against all risks of possible loss, damage, theft and other hazards—but does not cover any loss you might suffer by loaning your gun to another person. This insurance provision makes it possible for a gun owner to insure his cherished gun at low annual cost. Carrying the insurance is optional and individual; the Schoellkopf people have merely provided this exclusive feature as a customer service.

It is difficult to illustrate either the No. 133 or the No. 233 model Jumbo gun case in a space the width of an average magazine column; no matter how clear the printing cut, true beauty and exterior and interior features cannot achieve full expression.

Drop a card or note to The Schoellkopf Company, at Dallas, for a copy of their catalog featuring enlarged illustrations of the full line of Jumbo-brand gun cases, pistol holsters, shell bags, gun slings and cartridge carriers, and giving proper gun case sizes needed to fit approximately 200 popular rifle, shotgun and pistol models.



WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL

(continued from page 7)

Mrs. J. M. McElvey, Box 7, Panama City, Florida.

Adult Council

A new insignia for Adult Council Advisors has been received in the Ocala Office. The insignia reads "Adult Advisor." It will be worn by all adults advisors on their left sleeve below the conservation club league. A new directory for members of the Adult Advisory Council is available at this office.

Another "60" project on parade. WATCH THIS COLUMN for progressive news relating to the South Florida Youth Camp. The camp site is located 17½ miles west of West Palm Beach on the fringe of the Everglades in the J. W. Corbett area.

1960 Camp Applications

Look forward to the mailing of the 1960 camp applications this year at an earlier date. Your return of the application with your check at the earliest possible time will help keep our books and our reservations more efficiently. Your sincere cooperation is desired by this office.

A directory of members of the Florida Jr. Wildlife Society is under way and should be completed this month. Anyone wishing a list may write to this office.

Any Conservation Corps member who has attained the required number of points for promotion of ranks in the Merit Point System should talk with their advisor and submit proof of accomplished projects to this office. We would like very much to list all those who have attained the various ranks from ranger to Junior Wildlife Officer.

The new 1960 directory of Junior Conservation Clubs will be completed this month. Please send in your list of newly elected officers, new advisors, and membership strength. Any information that will aid in making it the best will be greatly appreciated. ●



By CHUCK SCHILLING

Address questions on fishing and boating to Question Box, FLORIDA WILDLIFE, Tallahassee, Fla.

Question: Would you please discuss the most appropriate and safe footwear as a precaution against snakes. Where can such be obtained? Mrs. W. Coryell, Ft. Gaines, Ga.

Answer: There are many "snakeproof" leggings on the market but, in my opinion, they are all clumsy and awkward to wear. I'd rather stay out of the woods than use them. Gokey Botte Sauvage makes a snakeproof boot. These are the acknowledged best. Write for information to the Gokey Company, St. Paul, Minn.

Question: I am very interested in acquiring a camping outfit for myself and family. Can you give me any information that will guide me in the right direction? D. Bradley, Inverness, Fla.

Answer: Alec Gibson, 225 Alcazar Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida, publishes a monthly sheet called, "Tent Flap." This is full of valuable scuttlebutt about camping, equipment, clubs, how-to and where-to. It's free.

Question: I've thought of putting a couple of outrigger holders fore and aft on my 16-foot boat. I could then mount short posts in them and swing a jungle hammock between. This would give me overnight sleeping arrangements without going ashore. Do you think it would work? A. Diamond, Mount Dora, Fla.

Answer: By all means, try it. You'll make the man on the flying trapeze look like Rodin's "Thinker." This I'd like to see.

Question: I read where you'd advised adding strong oils to fish bait to make the fish

bite better. What makes you think this idea is something new? My father showed me how to do this 20 years ago. M. Elkins, St. Augustine, Fla.

Answer: You are right. The use of aromatic oils was not invented by me, nor by your father. Izaak Walton, the world's first well-known outdoor writer, published his famous "Compleat Angler" in the year 1653. In it, he discusses at length the use of adding various oils to fish baits.

Question: I've read of "dappling" in fishing. Just what method does this describe? P. Thomas, Jacksonville, Fla.

Answer: "Dappling" was originated in Ireland, I believe. With long, 16 to 20 foot rods and extremely light silk lines, the dry fly was cast into the air on a windy day. The wind kept the line in the air, but the weight of the fly tended to make it drop to the water. By skillful manipulation of the rod, the angler could keep 100 feet or more of line aloft and make the dancing fly just kiss the stream's surface in a life-like "dappling" effect. I believe this method is still used occasionally in Europe.

Question: I've heard of the Izaak Walton League for years but never knew much about it. Recently, I've seen accounts of new clubs in Florida. What's going on? T. Gerken, Melbourne, Fla.

Answer: There are four newly-formed chapters of the Izaak Walton League in Florida. They are at Bradenton, Cocoa, Stuart, and Islamorada. More are being formed. The one at Cocoa, near you, is headed by Mayor Gary Bennett. The League's national headquarters is at 1326 Waukegan Road, Glenview, Ill. This world-famous conservation organization has about 700 chapters throughout the U. S., all working within the framework of the national organization.

Question: A friend who has been to Florida says he heard of people going "jump fishing." Would you please tell me what this could be. R. Switzer, Cleveland, Ohio.

Answer: Casting to "school bass" is sometimes called by that name. See "Fancy Fishing" in this issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE.



FANCY FISHING

(continued from page 19)

4½ years after they were stocked, Tex took a blue catfish from one of them that weighed 26 pounds. There are many bass of 10 pounds and more in these pools right now.

The first thing a newcomer usually says when he first visits these pools is, "Boy! How I'd like to fish in there!" to which Tex always replies, "Go right ahead." To convince a sometimes doubting patron of his willingness, Tex has now put up a sign to this effect. He's safe and he knows it, because these fish have become smart. They are educated to the ways of fishermen—and how.

Tex initiated me into this fun pool bit by throwing Turk's cap blossoms and bits of sticks into the water. The bass grabbed everything we threw, sometimes before it had a chance to get wet. Actually, they fought each other for the privilege. All the guests spend a lot of time playing and feeding these fish. They'll eat almost anything, but they have a preference for Fig Newtons. Most of the time, they'll take your offering directly from your fingers.

Tex, also, feeds the fun pool bass, minnows that die in his bait tanks. He gave me one to hold by the tail just over the water. A 5 or 6 pound bass took it before I had a chance to get ready and almost took the fingers off my hand as well. I lost half a year's growth. I suspected the worst from this affair, and I was right. Tex informed me he'd wait for me to catch one of these bass and would I please let him know when I did so.

I knew I was in for it, but I gave it a try anyhow. I waited until almost dark and slipped down quietly with a Spin-I-Diddee on 6-pound mono. I stayed back 30 or 35 feet from the pool's edge and cast to a feeding fish. I might just as well have been casting in the swimming pool. I cast again and again, still no soap. Then I tried a Turk's cap, tossing it into the water, and the bass went wild

for it. I was in for a spot of kidding about not being able to catch fish out of a pool loaded with them, but there was nothing much I could do about it.

Next day, I changed to fly rods and popping bugs—but no go. I tried wet and dry flies, sponge rubber bugs—still no go. I tapered down to 2-pound test—it made no difference. I got not even a roll. I went back to spinning tackle, tried Super-Dupers, Mirro-Lures, jigs—nothing made any difference. I finally decided I'd have to use my head to catch these fish. After all, I've often said you have to be smarter than a fish to be successful.

One evening, while watching television, a solution popped into my head out of a clear sky. I could hardly wait for daylight to try it. Came the dawn, I put a top-water plug on my spinning line, the same plug that had been refused at least a hundred times before. This time, I made no effort at concealment. I walked boldly up to the little feeding platform and stamped my feet on it to let all the fish know I was present. I had previously stripped about 20 feet of line from my rod tip, and was carrying the plug in my right hand.

When I thought I was ready, I tossed the plug out on the water with an exaggerated motion of my hand and arm. Three bass fought each other to get it. I was in business at last. I released this fish and repeated the performance several times in both ponds. At last, I was satisfied I'd stumbled on the secret. There was no doubt about it. From now on, the fun pools would be fun in fact as well as fancy.

I repeated my fish-catching stunt for Tex's benefit later that morning, and I'm afraid Tex felt both the bass and I had let him down. Who says fish aren't smart? These bass had long ago learned to associate free food with the appearance of a human on the bank and an upward fling of the throwing arm. They,

also from long experience, had learned that food dropping to the water unaccompanied by the arm toss was very apt to be double-edged. I had simply learned to take advantage of their conditioned reflexes.

I am writing about this successful method of taking these fish, because I'm hoping a lot of people will get some fun out of doing it. I'll be very interested to learn how long it will take these fish to get wise to the new approach and change their habits accordingly. What new habits will they adopt? I wonder how many "wild" bass have also been conditioned against the bait that appears after a fisherman makes a swish of a fishing rod. Perhaps throwing the lure into the pockets by hand would sometimes ring the bell.

One way or the other, Tex's fun pools are just that. I spent at least an hour every day catching grasshoppers just to toss them into the pool and watch the fish fight for these delicious tidbits. Few grasshoppers made more than one kick. Some didn't even reach the water. I, also, confirmed a long-held belief about those big yellow grasshoppers. I had to go up in the orange grove and do a bit of hunting before I finally found one. I threw this huge insect into the fun pool and watched it swim 8 or 10 feet to shore, churning up the water, and throwing a bow wave. Not even a bream made a pass at him.

So there you have Fancy Fishing, educational as well as pleasurable. Perhaps you're looking for a lunker bass or fast action "jump fishing." Maybe specks are your meat. Perhaps you just want to fish a little and loaf a lot amid pleasant, comfortable surroundings. Maybe you are looking for a place to take the family where the nonfishing members will be satisfied to stay while you're out on the water. If so, Crescent Lake and the Bass Capital Resort should be just what the doctor ordered. If you'd like a free pamphlet, drop a line to Bass Capital Resort, Crescent City, Florida. ●

FLORIDA

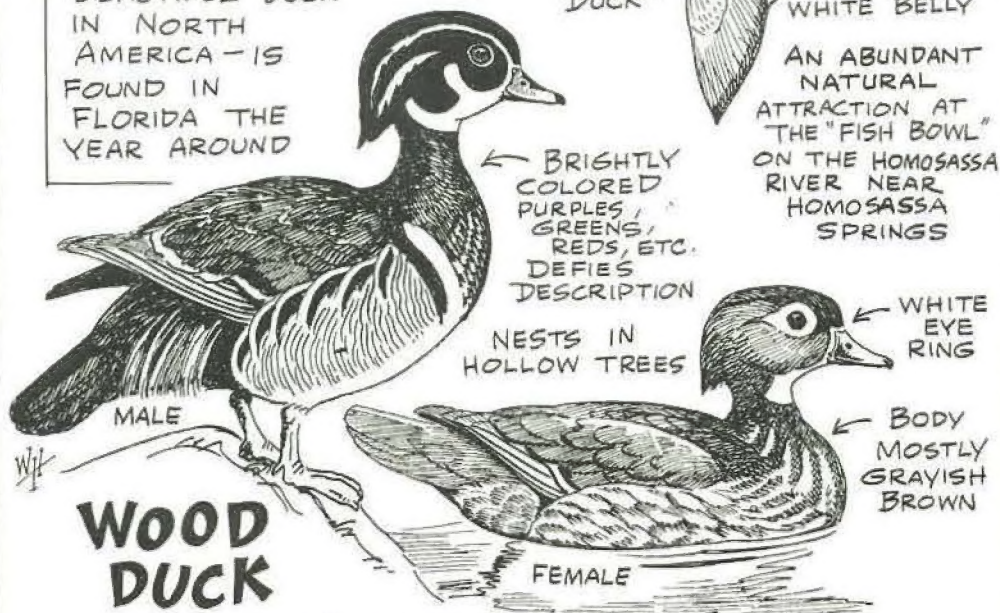
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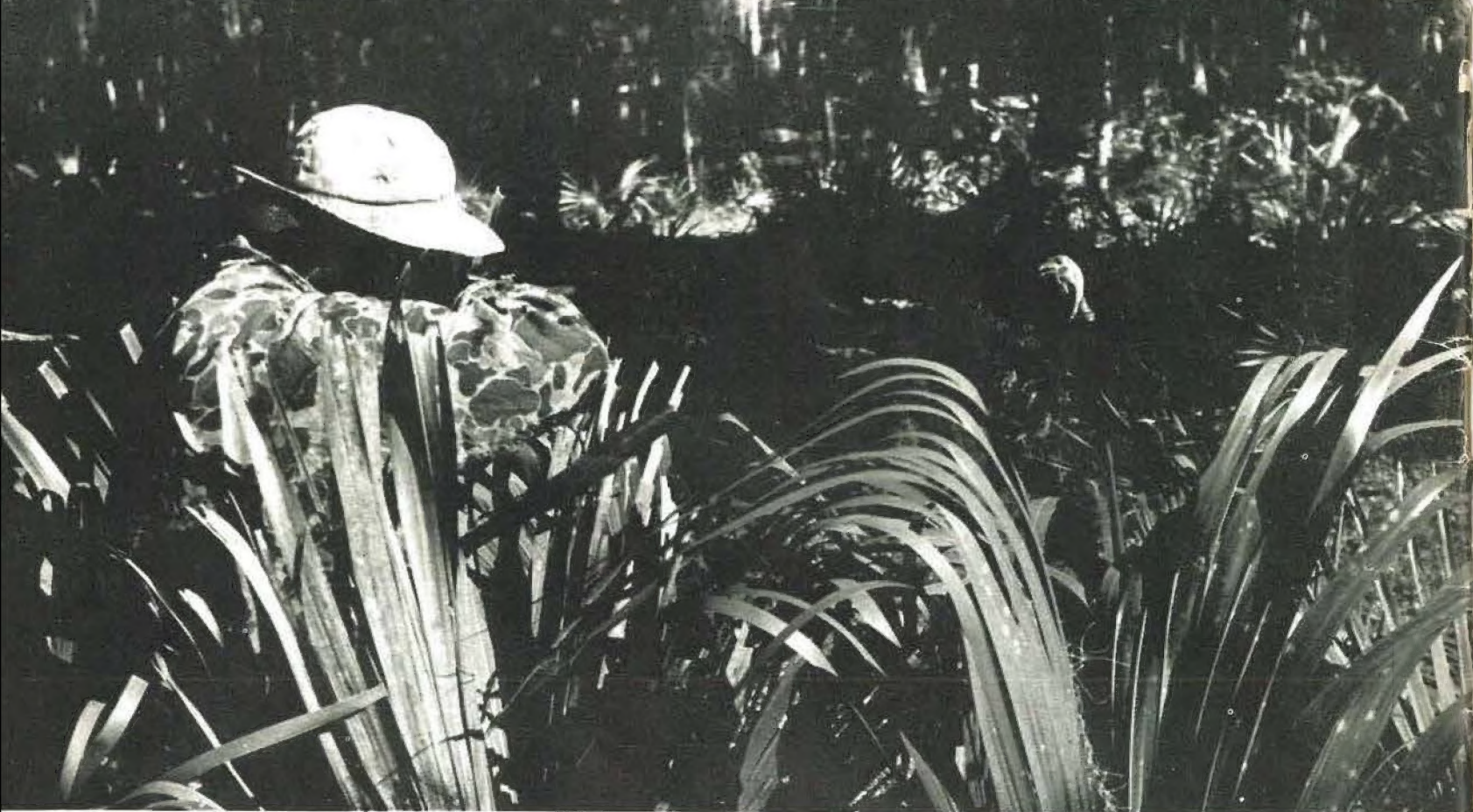
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TURKEY HUNTING IN FLORIDA

Commission Photo by Jake Johnson

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